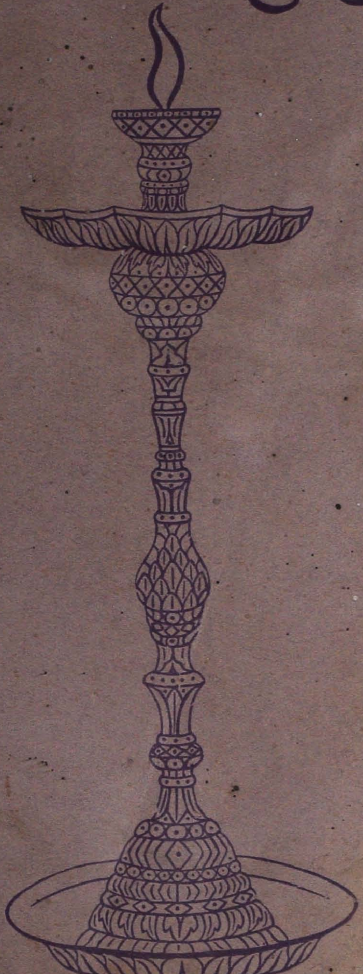
Shama'a

A Magazine of Art, Literature & Philosophy



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OUR FRONTISPIECE

THIS image represents the Buddhist Jambhala, the god of riches. We thank Mr. N. C. Mehta for the photograph and also for the descriptive note which appears as our first article.

IN spirituality lies then the ultimate, the only hope for the perfection whether of the individual or of the communal man; not the spirit which for its separate satisfaction turns away from the earth and its works, but that greater spirit which accepts and fulfils them. A spirituality taking up into itself man's rationalism, æstheticism, ethicism, vitalism, corporeality, his aim of knowledge, his aim of beauty, his aim of love and perfection, his aim of power and fulness of life and being, revealing to them their divine sense and the conditions of their Godhead, reconciling them all to each other, illuminating to the vision of each the way which they now tread in half-lights and shadows, in blindness or with a deflected sight, is a goal which even man's self-sufficient reason can accept; for it reveals itself surely in the end as the logical, inevitable development and consummation of all for which he is individually and socially striving. The evolution of the inchoate spirituality in mankind is the possibility to which an age of subjectivism is the first glimmer of awakening or towards which it at least shows the first profound potentiality of return. A deeper, wider, greater, more spiritualised subjective understanding of the individual and communal self and life and reliance on the spiritual light and the spiritual means for the solution of its problems are the only way to true social perfection. The free rule, that is to say, the predominant leading influence, guidance of the developed spiritual man—not the half-spiritualised or the raw religionist—is our hope for the divine guidance of humanity. A spiritualised society is our hope for communal happiness, or in words which, though liable to abuse by the reason and the passions, are still the most expressive we can find, a new kind of theocracy, the Kingdom of God upon earth, a theocracy which shall be the government of mankind by the divine in the hearts and minds of men.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE

(From the "Arya.")

-5-

JAMBHALA

*The Buddhist god of Riches**

BY N. C. MEHTA

Buddhism is the only species of Hinduism which considerably developed and enlarged its mythology and added a great deal to its crowded pantheon of gods and goddesses. The austere figure of Gautama himself became the starting point of five and later six elemental Dhyāni-Buddhas, who in their turn gave rise to numerous progeny, varying to some extent in kind, number and form according to the climes and countries of their migration. Jambhala is a deity of ancient lineage and is the name used in Buddhist iconography to designate the old Hindu god of wealth—Kubera. Later Buddhism added to the definition of his lineaments by associating him with a mongoose, which is generally shown either in his lap or on his left side. With the innate love of classification the Indians treated the god as an emanation of the Dhyāni-Buddha Ratna Sambhava † born of jewels, who was historically younger than his supposed off-shoot. Everything including the world of gods and goddesses must in India be properly defined, classified and suitably labelled ; and so Jambhala was given an appropriate parentage and incorporated in the Buddhist hierarchy of subordinate deities. The beautiful image illustrated here comes from the village Pabhosa in the Tahsil Manjhanpur of the Allahabad District and measures 2 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 8 inches by 6 inches. The god is seated on a substantial cushion in *lalitāsana*—the posture of ease, with the right foot resting on a pot of jewels. Besides the usual necklaces, bracelets and anklets he wears an elaborately decorated headgear, and a pair of earrings, each of which is of a different design. In the left hand is held a sleek mongoose looking up to its master, while in the right hand is held a flask—probably a receptacle for all the jewels and riches which the mongoose when pressed on the sides is said to emit. Why of all the animals the silly mongoose should have been chosen as the source of wealth—something in the form of the traditonal hen laying golden eggs, is a mystery. Probably it was intended as a joke or a satire on the grossness of worldly gods ; for the Lord of Riches himself is by no means an attractive figure and is generally depicted as a self-satisfied individual with a 'pendent' belly,—the outward sign of a leisurely existence. The thick, somewhat sensual lips, and the prominent chin emphasize the worldly character of the deity, wearing an aureole in the shape of an expanded lotus. A

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* I am indebted to Babu Prayag Dayal, Curator of the Lucknow Museum, for the beautiful image and the particulars about it. I believe it was he who discovered the image.

† *See* pages 113—115 of Bhattacharya's Indian Buddhist Iconography.

pair of divine spirits—Kubera is the Lord of the northern regions and also of all the non-descript gods and demi-gods, is noiselessly moving in the air above, while a male and a female attendant with money-bags and a pot of jewels respectively are shown on either side of the seated figure of Jambhala.* The type represented here is more like the Javanese specimen shown in Plate No. 199, page 264 of Vincent Smith's History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon, wrongly described as Sarasvati, than any of the Indian figures hitherto published. The abstract notion of material prosperity is realistically treated by a clever combination of artistic treatment and general data of every-day life. While Kubera and its Buddhist namesake Jambhala have always remained in the category of minor divinities, the pot-bellied and elephant-headed Ganesha with the contemptible rat as his charge may be said to have attained the status of a major god in mediæval and modern India. The apotheosis of worldly goods retains his essential characteristics of rounded outlines and the expression of self-complacence and sensuality, whether the concrete form is the naturalistic Jambhala or the half-human, half-animal shape of Ganesha. Indian iconography is the synthesis of diverse cultures and different, at times conflicting ideas of peoples in varying stages of civilisation.

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* See for an adequate iconographical account of Kubera, pages 139—141-A, Getty's gods of Northern Buddhism.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HINDU RELIGIOUS RITUAL

Lecture delivered before the India Society on June 24

BY SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

The word "religious" in the title of this lecture has been inserted in order to exclude magical ritual, with which I do not deal, though I have a word or two to say on the subject.

As regards the word "Hindu," it must be remembered that there is considerable variety of doctrine and ritual, for there are a number of communities of Indian worshippers. Though, perhaps, too much stress is generally laid on these differences, and sufficient notice is not taken of fundamental points of agreement yet there are differences, and if we are to be exact, we must not forget that fact. It is not, of course, possible, during the hour or so at my disposal, to treat of all these differences. I have, therefore, selected the ritual of one of these communities called *Shāktas*. These worshippers are so called because they worship the great Mother-Power or *Mahāshakti*. Their doctrine and practice is of importance, because, as an Italian author has recently observed, of its accentuation of Will and Power. He describes it as a magnificent ensemble of metaphysic magic, and devotion raised on grandiose foundations. And so, whether it be acceptable or not, I think it is. The title, therefore, is, in this matter, not exact. Some of what is here said is of common application and some is peculiar to the *Shāktas*.

Now as to the word "Ritual." Ritual is the Art both of Religion and Magic. Magic, however, is more completely identified with ritual than is religion; for magic is ritual, using the latter term to include both mental and bodily activity; whereas religion, in the wide sense of *Dharma*, is not merely ritual-worship, but covers morality also. And so, it is finely said: "The doing of good to others is the highest *Dharma*." In this sense of the term *Dharma*, we are not concerned with ritual. Ritual has been the subject of agelong dispute. Whilst there are some who favour it, others are fanatically opposed to it. In this matter, India, as usual, shows her great reconciling wisdom. She holds (I speak of those who follow the old ways) that ritual is a necessity for the mass of men. To this extent she adopts what I may call the "Catholic" attitude. She makes, however, concession on the other hand to the "Protestant" view, in holding that, as a man becomes more and more spiritual, he is less and less dependent on externals, and therefore on ritual, which may be practically dispensed with in the case of the highest.

Then as to the word "Psychology." In order to understand the ritual, one must know the psychology of the people whose it is; and in order to know and to understand their psychology, we must know their metaphysic. There are some who claim to dispense with metaphysic, but the Indian people have been, throughout their history, pre-eminently thinkers. The three greatest metaphysical peoples have been, in the past, the Greeks and the Indians, both Brahmanist and Buddhist, and, in modern times, the Germans. The Greek, Sanskrit, and German languages are pre-eminently fitted for metaphysical use. We must then deal with metaphysic when treating of Hindu ritual. I do not propose, however, here to enter upon the subject more than is absolutely necessary to understand the matter in hand.

Now when we look around us, we see everywhere Power, or *Shakti*. The world is called *Jagat*, which means "the moving thing," because, anticipating modern doctrine, the Ancient Hindus held that everything was in a state of ceaseless activity, which was not the Brahman in Itself (*Svarūpa*). Such movement is either due to the inherent power of mind and matter, or to a cause which, though immanent in the universe, yet is not wholly manifested by, but transcends it. This latter alternative represents the Indian view. Power (*Shakti*) cannotes a Power-holder (*Shaktimān*). Power as universe is called *Sangsāra*. The state of power, as it is in itself, that is, the state of Power-holder, is (to use one of the better-known terms, though there are others) *Nirvāna*.

What, then, is the nature of experience in the *Sangsāra?* The latter is the world of form, and *Dharma* is the Law of Form. Form necessarily implies duality and limitation. Therefore experience in *Sangsāra* is an experience of form by form. It is limited, dualistic experience. It is limited or *Apūrna* (not the whole or complete), relative to the state of *Nirvāna*, which is the whole (*Pūrna*) or complete or Perfect Experience. Therefore, whilst the latter is a state of all-knowingness and all-mightiness, man is a contraction (*Sangkocha*), and is a "little-knower" and "little-doer." The Power-holder is called *Shiva-shakti*—that is, the supreme *Shiva-shakti*, for the universe, being but the manifestation of the transcendent *Shiva-shakti*, is also itself *Shiva-Shakti*. The names *Siva* and *Shakti* are the twin aspects of one and the same Reality. *Shiva* denotes the masculine unchanging aspect of Divinity, while *Shakti* denotes its changing feminine aspect. These two are *Hangsah*, *Hang* being *Shiva* and male, and *Sah* being *Shakti* and female. It is this *Hangsah*, or legendary "Bird," which is said, in the poem called "Wave of Bliss," "to swim in the waters of the mind of the great." The unmanifest *Shiva-shakti* aspect is unknown, except in the *Samādhi* or ecstasy of Yoga. But the *Shakti* aspect, as manifested in the universe, is near to the *Shākta* worshipper. He can see Her and touch Her, for it is She who appears as the

universe, and so it is said: "What care I for the Father, if I but be on the lap of the Mother?" This is the Great Mother, the *Magna Mater* of the Mediterranean civilization, and the *Mahadevi* of India—that August Image whose vast body is the universe, whose breasts are Sun and Moon. It was to Her that the "mad" wine-drinking *Sadhu* Bhāma referred, when he said to a man I knew who had lost his mother: "Earthly mothers and those who suck their breasts are mortal; but deathless are those who have fed at the breast of the Mother of the Universe." It is She who personalizes in the form of all the beings in the universe; and it is She again who, as the essence of such personalizing, is the Supreme Personality (*Parāhantā*), who in manifestation is "God in Action." Why, it may be asked, is God thought of as Mother? This question may be countered by another—"Why is God called Father?" God is sexless. Divinity is spoken of as Mother because It "conceives, bears, gives birth to, and nourishes the Universe." In generation man is said to be a helper only. The learned may call this mother-notion "infantilism" and "anthropomorphism." But the *Shākta* will not be afraid, and will reply that it is not he who has arbitrarily invented this image of the Mother, but that is the form in which She has herself presented Herself to his mind. The great *Shākta* poet, Rāmaprasāda, says: "By feeling (*Bhāva*) is She known. How then can *Abhāva* (that is, lack of feeling) find her?" In any case he may recall the lines of the Indian poet: "If I understand, and you understand, O my mind, what matters it whether any other understand or not?"

Viewing the matter more drily and metaphysically, we have then to deal with two states. Firstly, the limited experience of *Sangsāra* the *Becoming*, and the Perfect Experience or transcendent *Being*, which is *Nirvāna*. This last state is not for the *Shākta* mere abstract Being. This is a fiction of the ratiocinating intellect. It is a massive, rich, and concrete experience, a state which—being powerful to produce from out itself the Universe—must therefore hold the seed or essence of it within itself. It is a mistake on this view to suppose that those who attain to it will lose anything of worth by so doing.

The first point which is therefore established is that there are these two states. Both are so established by experience—the first by the ordinary experience man has of this world, and the second by spiritual experience. For the Hindu holds that the Supreme State is proved not by speculation or argument (which may yet render its support), but by actual spiritual experience.

The second point to remember is that *these two states are one*. We must not think of "creation" in its Christian sense, in which there is an infinite break between man and God, and therefore man cannot become God. Man, in this system of *Vedānta*, is, though a contraction of Power, nevertheless in essence the self-same Power which is God. There is unity (*Abheda*) as Essence, and difference

(*Bheda*) as Manifestation. Similarly, Islamic philosophy distinguishes between independent *Zat*, or essence, and dependent and derivative Attribute, or *Sifat*. Essence is one, Manifestation is different. The two are thus neither identical nor separate. There is that which the Hindus call *Abheda-Bheda*.

The third point then is that Man being such Power, he can by his effort, and the grace of his patron Deity, enhance it even to the extent that he becomes one with Divinity. And so it is said that "by the worship of Vishnu, man becomes Vishnu." To know a being or thing is, according to non-dual *Vedanta*, to *be* that thing. To know God, then, is to *be* God. Man can then pass from limited experience, or *Sangsāra*, to Perfect Experience, or *Nirvāna*. This "towering tenet," to use Brian Hodgson's phrase ("Nepal"), that finite mind may be raised to infinite consciousness, is also held by Buddhism.

The practical question then is: How is this experience of oneness with Divinity, its powers and attributes, obtained? The answer is that this is the work of *Sādhanā* and *Yoga*.

The term *Sādhanā* comes from the root *Sādh*, which means to exert, to strive to attain a particular result or *Siddhi*, as it is called. The person making the effort is called *Sādhaka*, and if he obtains the result desired, or *Siddhi*, he is called *Siddha*. Etymologically *Sādhanā* may refer to any effort. Thus a person who takes lessons in French or in riding, with a view to learn that language or to become a horseman, is doing *Sādhanā* for those purposes respectively. If French or riding is learnt, then *Siddhi* is obtained, and the man who attains it is *Siddha*, or proficient in French and riding respectively. But technically *Sādhanā* refers either to Ritual Worship or Ritual Magic. A *Sādhaka* is always a dualist whatever his theoretical doctrine may be, because worship implies both worshipped and worshipper. The highest aim of religious worship is attainment of the abode or Heaven of the Divinity worshipped. This Heaven is not *Nirvāna*. The latter is a formless state, whereas Heaven is a pleasurable abode of forms—a state intermediate between Death and Rebirth. According to the ordinary view, ritual worship is a preparation for *Yoga*. When a man is *Siddha* in *Sādhanā* he becomes qualified for *Yoga*, and when he is *Siddha* in *Yoga* he attains Perfect Experience. *Yoga*, is thus the process whereby man is raised from Limited to Perfect Experience. The *Sādhanā* with which I am now concerned is religious *Sādhanā*, a spiritual effort to achieve a moral and spiritual aim, though it may also seek material blessings from the Divinity worshipped.

Magic is the development of supernormal power, either by extension of natural faculty or by control over other beings and forces of nature. I use the word "supernormal" and not "supernatural" because all power is natural. Thus

one man may see to a certain extent with his eyes. Another man with more powerful eyes will see better. A man with a telescope will see further than either of these two. For the telescope is a scientific extension of the natural faculty of sight. Over and beyond this is the "magical" extension of power called clairvoyance. The last power is natural, but not normal. Magic (of which there has been abuse) has yet been indiscriminately condemned. Whether an act is good or bad depends upon the intention and the surrounding circumstances, and this same rule applies whether the act is normal or magical. Thus a man may in defence of his life use physical means for self-protection even to the causing of death of his adversary. Killing in such a case does not become bad because the means employed are not normal, but "magical." On the other hand, Black Magic, or *Abhichāra*, is the doing of harm to another without lawful excuse. This the Scripture (*Shāstra*) condemns as a great sin. As the "Kulārnava Tantra" says (XII : 63), "*Atmavat sarvabhutebhyo hitam kuryyāt Kuleshvari*"—that is, a man should not injure, but should do good to others as if they were his own self. In the Tantra Shāstras are to be found magical rituals. Some classes of works, such as the "Dāmaras," are largely occupied with this subject. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that because a practice is described in the Scripture it is counselled by it. A book on legal medicine may state the substances by and manner in which a man may be poisoned. It describes the process which, if carried out, produces a particular result, but it does not on that account counsel killing. As regards the magical rites themselves, the view that they are mere childish superstition is not an understanding one. The objective ritual stimulates, is a support of, and serves the Mind-Rays, which, the Hindus would say, are not less but more powerful than the physical forms we call X-rays and the like. It has long been known in the West, that the mind is not merely a passive mirror of objects, but is a great and active Power. As I have already said, however, I do not purpose to deal with this subject, and now return to that of religious worship.

Religious ritual is either formal (*Karma*), such as the *Homa* rite, or is devotional (*Upāsanā*), according as the act done belongs to the *Karma* or *Upāsanā Kāndas*, which together with the *Jnāna Kānda*, constitute the threefold division of *Veda*. The distinction between *Karma* and *Upāsanā* is this. In ritual *Karma* the rest is produced by performance of the rite, such as *Homa*, independently of the effort of the *Sādhaka*, provided there be strict ritual accuracy ; whereas the fruit of *Upāsanā*, or psychological worship, depends on the personal devotion of the worshipper, and without it the act is of no avail. *Upāsanā*, or devotional worship, is again either gross (*Sthūla*) or subtle (*Sūkshma*) according to the degree of competency or advancement of the *Sādhaka* or person who does *Sādhanā*. We must not understand by the word "gross" anything bad. It is

merely used in contradistinction to the word "subtle." Thus a worshipper who is doing his *Sādhanā* before an exterior image is performing gross worship, whereas he who worships a mentally conceived image is doing subtle worship. A man who offers real flowers is doing a part of gross worship. Subtle worship in such a case would be the offering of flowers of the mind.

I will now shortly examine the Vedantic theory of Mind, which must be known if the ritual is to be understood. There is no Mind without Matter or Matter without Mind, except in dreamless sleep, when the latter is wholly withdrawn. The Mind has always an object. In a literal sense there is no vacuous mind. It is not aware, of course, of all objects, but only of those to which it pays attention. Nextly, Mind is not Consciousness (Chit) which is immaterial. Mind, on the contrary, is a quasi-material principle of Unconsciousness, which, on one view, appears to be conscious by reason of the association of Consciousness with it. According to the *Shākta Shāstra* view, Mind is an unconscious quasi-material force, being the power of Consciousness to limit itself, and to the extent of such limitation to appear as unconscious. How then does Mind operate? A Mind-Ray goes forth to the object, which in its turn *shapes* the mental substance into the form of the object. Thus, when a man thinks of an image of Divinity intently and without distraction, his mental substance takes the form of the image. The object which is perceived leaves an impress on the mind, and this impress, if repeated, sets up a tendency or *Sangskāra*. Thus a man who repeatedly thinks good thoughts has a tendency towards the thinking of such thoughts, and by continued good thought character is moulded and transformed. As the Chhandogya Upanishad says: "As a man thinks that he becomes." Similarly, the Gandharva Tantra says: "By meditating on anything as the self, one becomes that thing." A man can thus shape his mind for good or bad.

The mind affects the body. As it is said in the West, the "soul is form and doth the body make." Every thought has a corresponding change in the material substance of the brain.

Well, then, as the mind must have an object which again shapes the mind, the ritual selects a good object, namely, the Divinity of worship with all good attributes.

The *Sādhaka* meditates on and worships that. Continued thought, repetition, the engagement of the body in the mental action co-operate to produce a lasting and good tendency in the mental substance. Sincere and continued effort effects the transformation of the worshipper into a likeness with the Divinity worshipped. For as he who is always thinking bad thoughts becomes bad, so he who thinks divine thoughts becomes himself divine. The transformation which

is commenced in *Sādhanā* is completed in *Yoga*, when the difference between worshipper and worshipped ceases in that unitary consciousness which is ecstasy or *Samādhi*, or transcendent perfect experience.

Let us now examine some illustrations of the psychological principles stated.

Divinity as it is in Itself cannot (as an Indian writer has said) be seized by the mind any more than air can be grasped by a pair of tongs. It is necessary, therefore, to have something placed *before* one as a *representative* of something else, which is what the Sanskrit terms, *Pratika*, *Pratimā*, for the object worshipped, mean. This may be an external object or a mental one. As regards the former, there are varying degrees of grossness and subtlety. The grossest is that in which there is no call upon imagination—that is, the Image of three dimensions. Less so is the painting on the flat; then comes the emblem, which may be quite unlike the *Devatā* or Divinity, of which it is an emblem, such as the *Shālagrāma* stone in the worship of Vishnu, and, lastly, the *Yantra*, which is the diagrammatic body of a *Mantra*.

Worship is outer—that is, an outer object with physical acts, such as bodily prostrations, offering of real flowers, and so on: or it may be partly or wholly mental, as in the latter case, where both the form of the Divinity is imagined (according to the meditational form or *Dhyāna* given in the Scriptures) as also the offerings.

The forms of worship vary according to the capacity of the worshipper. In the simplest form the worshipper draws upon the daily life and treats the Divinity whom he invokes as he would a guest, welcoming It after its journey, offering water for the dusty feet and the mouth, presenting It with flowers, lights, clothes, and so on. These ingredients of worship are called *Upāchārā*. In the psychophysiological rites of some *Shāktas*, the abuse of which has brought them ill-fame, the *Upāchārā* are the functions of the body. In image-worship the mind is shaped into the form of the object perceived. But the perception of a material image is not enough. The worshipper must see Divinity before him. This he invokes into the image by what is called the welcoming (*Avahana*) and Life-giving (*Prānapratishthā*) ceremoinies, just as at the conclusion of the worship he bids the Deity depart (*Visarjana*). Uncomprehending minds have asked: "How can God be made to come and go?" The answer is that He does not. What come and go are the modifications, or *vrittis*, of and in the mind of the *Sādhaka* or worshipper. To invoke the Deity means, then, a direction not to Deity, but by the worshipper to himself to understand that the Deity is there. Deity which is omnipresent is in the Image as elsewhere, whatever the *Sādhaka* may do or not do

The *Sādhaka* informs his own mind with the notion that the Deity is present. He is then conscious of the presence of and meditates on Divinity and its attributes, and, if he be undistracted, his mind and its thought are thereby divinely shaped. Before the Divinity so present, both objectively and to the mind of the *Sādhaka*, worship is done. It is clear that the more this worship is sincerely continued, the greater both in degree and persistence is the transformation effected. The body is made to take its part either by appropriate gestures, called *Mudrā*, or other acts such as prostrations, offerings, libations, and so forth. By constant worship the mind and disposition become good, for good thoughts repeated make a man good. Ritual produces by degrees transformation, at first temporary, later lasting. "Bidding the Divinity depart" means that the mind of the *Sādhaka* has ceased to worship the Image. It is not that the Deity is made to retire at the behest of his worshipper. A true *Sādhaka* has divinity ever in his thoughts, whether he is doing formal worship or not. "Invitation" and "Bidding Depart" are done for the purposes of the worship of the Image only. Personally, I doubt whether idolatry exists anywhere in the sense that a worshipper believes a material image as such to be God. But, in any case, Indian image-worship requires for its understanding and practice some knowledge of *Vedānta*.

Transformation of consciousness-feeling by ritual may be illustrated by a short examination of some other of its forms.

Gesture of the hands, or *Mudrā*, is a common part of the ritual. There is necessarily movement of the hands and body in any worship which requires external action, but I here speak of the specially designed gestures. For instance, I am now making the Fish gesture, or *Matsya Mudrā*. The hands represent a fish and its fins. The making of this gesture indicates that the worshipper is offering not only the small quantity of water which is contained in the ritual vessel, but that (such is his devotion) his intention is to give to the Deity all the oceans with the fish and other marine animals therein. The *Sādhaka* might, of course, form this intention without gesture, but experience shows that gesture emphasizes and intensifies thought, as in the case of public speaking. The body is made to move with the thought. I refer hereto ritual gestures. The term *Mudrā* is also employed to denote bodily postures assumed in *Hathayoga* as a health-giving gymnastic.

Asana, or seat, has more importance in *Yoga* than in *Sādhanā*. The principle as regards *Asana* is to secure a comfortable seat, because that is favourable to meditation and worship generally. If one is not confortable there is distraction and worry. Both *Mudrā* and *Asana* are therefore ancillary to worship as *Pūjā*, the principle of which has been described.

Japa is recital of *Mantra*, the count being done either on a rosary or the phalanges of the fingers. What is a *Mantra?* A *Mantra* is Divinity. It is Divine Power, or *Daivi Shakti*, manifesting in a sound body, The *Shāstra* says that those go to Hell who think that an image is a mere stone, that *Mantras* are merely letters, and that a *Guru* is a mere man, and not a manifestation of and representative of the Lord as Supreme Teacher, Illuminator, and Director. The chief *Mantra* is *Om*. This represents to human ears the sound of the first general movement of Divine Power towards the manifesttaion of the Universe. All other *Mantras* are particular movements and sounds (for the two co-exist) derived from *Om*. Here the *Sādhaka* strives to realize his unity with the *Mantra*, or Divinity and to the extent that he does so the *Mantra* Power (*Mantra-Shakti*) supplements his worship-power (*Sādhanā Shakti*). This rite is also an illustration of the principle that repetition makes perfect, for the repetition is done (it may be) thousands of times.

Japa is of three kinds—gross, subtle, supreme. In the first the *Mantra* is audibly repeated, the objective body aspect or sound predominating; in the second there is no audible sound, the lips and other organs forming themselves into the position which, together with contact with the air, produce the sound of the letters; in the third the *Japa* is mental—that is, there is emphasis on the Divine, or subjective, aspect. This is a means for the ritual realization—that is, by mind—of the unity of human power and Divine Power.

Nyāsa is an important rite. The word means "placing"—that is, of the hands of the *Sādhaka* on different parts of his body, at the same time saying the appropriate *Mantras*, and imagining that by his action the corresponding parts of the body of the Deity are placed there. The rite terminates with a movement of the hands, "spreading" the Divinity all over the body. It is not supposed that the Divinity can be spread like butter on bread. The Supreme Mother-Power is the Brahman, or All-Pervading Immense. What is all-spreading cannot be moved or spread. What can, however, be "spread" is the thought of the worshipper, who, with appropriate bodily gesture, imagines that the Deity pervades his body, which is renewed and divinized. By imagining the body of the Deity to be his body he purifies himself and affirms his unity with the *Devatā*.

An essential element in all rites is *Bhūtashuddhi*, which means the purification of the elements of which the body is composed. Man is physical and psychical. The physical body is constituted of five modes of motion of material substance, which have each, it is said, centres in the spinal column, at points which in the body correspond to the position of various plexuses. These centres extend from the base of the spine to the throat. Between the eyebrows is the

sixth or psychical centre, or mind. At the top of the brain, or cerebrum, is the place of consciousness; not that Consciousness in itself—that is, as distinct from Mind—can have a centre or be localized in any way; for it is immaterial and all-pervading. But at this point it is the least veiled by mind and matter, and is, therefore, most manifest. This place is the abode of transcendent *Shiva-Shakti* as Power-holder. In the lowest centre (*Mūlādhāra*), which is at the base of the spine, there sleeps the Immanent Cosmic Power in bodies called *Kundalini Shakti*. Here She is ordinarily at rest. She is so so long as man enjoys limited world-experience. She is then roused. "*Jāgrahi Janani*" ("Arise, O Mother!"), calls out the *Sādhaka* poet, Rāmaprasāda. "How long wilt thou sleep in the *Mūlādhāra?*" When so roused, She is led up through the spinal column, absorbing all the physical and psychical centres, and unites with *Shiva* as consciousness in the cerebrum, which is known as the "thousand-petalled lotus." The body is then drenched with and renewed by the nectar which is the result of their union and is immortal life. This is the ecstasy which is the marriage of the Inner Divine Man and Woman. Metaphysically speaking for the duration of such union there is a substitution of the Supreme Experience for World-Experience.

This is a real process in *Yoga*. But in ritual (for all are not *Yogis*) it is imagined only. In imagination the man of sin (*Pāpapurusha*) is burnt in mental fire, *Kundalini* absorbs the centres, unites with *Shiva*, and then, redescending, recreates the centres, bathing them in nectar. By the mental representation of this process the mind and body are purified, and the former is made to realize the unity of man and the Supreme Power, whose limited form he is, and the manner whereby the Universe is involved into and evolved from *Shiva-shakti*.

All these, and other rituals which I have no time to mention, keep the mind of the *Sādhaka* occupied with the thought of the Supreme Power and of his essential unity with It, with the result that he becomes more and more that which he thinks upon. His *Bhāva*, or disposition, becomes purified and divinized so far as that can be in the world. At length practice makes perfect in *Sādhanā*, and on the arising in the so purified and illuminated mind of knowledge and detachment from the world there is competency for *Yoga*. When in turn practice in *Yoga* makes perfect, all limitations in experience are shed and *Nirvāna* is attained.

Ordinarily it is said that enjoyment (*Bhoga*) only enchains and *Yoga* only liberates. Enjoyment (*Bhoga*) does not only mean that which is bad (*Adharma*). Bad enjoyment certainly enchains and also leads to Hell. Good—that is, lawful—enjoyment also enchains, even though Heaven is its fruit.

Moreover, *Bhoga* means both enjoyment and suffering. But according to the Bengal *Shākta* worshippers, Enjoyment (which must necessarily be lawful) and *Yoga* may be one. According to this method (see Masson-Oursel, "Esquisse d'une Histoire de la Philosophie Indienne") the body is not of necessity an obstacle to liberation. For there is no antimony, except such as we ourselves fancy, between Nature and Spirit, and therefore there is nothing wrong or low in natural function. Nature is the instrument for the realization of the aims of the Spirit. *Yoga* controls, but does not frustrate enjoyment, which may be itself *Yoga* in so far as it pacifies the mind and makes man one with his inner self. The spontaneity of life is under no suspicion. Supreme power is imminent in body and mind, and these are also forms of its expression. And so in the psycho-physiological rites of these *Shāktas*, to which I have referred, the body and its functions are sought to be made a means of, as they may otherwise be an obstacle to, liberation. The *Vira*, or heroic man, is powerful for mastery on all the plains and to pass beyond them. He does not shun the world from fear of it, but holds it in his grasp and learns its secret. He can do so because the world does not exist in isolation from some transcendent Divinity exterior to Nature, but is itself the Divine Power inseparate from the Divine Essence. He knows that he is himself as body and mind such power, and as Spirit or Self such essence. When he has learned this he escapes both from the servile subjection to circumstance and the ignorant driftings of a humanity which has not yet realized itself. Most are still not men but candidates for Humanity. But he is the illumined master of himself whether he is developing all his powers in this world, or liberating himself therefrom at his will.

I conclude by citing a verse from a Hymn in the great "Mahākāla Samhitā," by a *Sādhaka* who had surpassed the stage of formal external ritual, and was of a highly advanced devotional type. I first read the verse and then give a commentary thereon which is my own.

"I torture not my body by austerity."

(For the body is the Divine Mother. Why then torture it? The Hymnist is speaking of those who, like himself, have realized that the body is a manifestation of the Divine Essence. He does not say that no one is to practise austerities. These may be necessary for those who have not realized that the body is divine, and who, on the contrary, look upon it as a material obstacle which must be strictly controlled. It is a common mistake of Western critics to take that which is meant for the particular case as applying to all.)

"I make no pilgrimages."

(For the sacred places in their esoteric sense are in the body of the worshipper. Why should he who knows this travel? Those, however, who do

not know this may profitably travel to the exterior sacred places, such as Benares, Puri, Brindabun.)

"I waste not my time in reading the *Vedas*."

(This does not mean that no one is to read the *Vedas*. He has already done so, but the *Kulārnava Tantra* says: "Extract the essence of the Scriptures and then cast away the rest as chaff is separated from the grain." When the essence has been extracted what need is there of further reading and study? Moreover the *Veda* recalls the spiritual experiences of others. What each man wants is that experience for himself, and this is not to be had by reading and speculation, but by practice, as worship or *Yoga*.)

But, says the author of the Hymn, addressing the Divine Mother:

"I take refuge at thy Sacred Feet."

(For this is both the highest *Sādhanā* and the fruit of it.)

In conclusion, I will say a word upon the *Tantra Shāstra* to which I have referred. The four chief Scriptures of the Hindus are *Veda*, *Smriti*, *Purāna*, and *Āgama*. There are four Ages, and to each of these Ages is assigned its own peculiar Scripture. For the present Age the governing Scripture is the *Āgama*. The *Āgama*, or "traditions," is made up of several schools, such as *Vaishnava*, *Shaiva*, and *Shākta*. It is a mistake to suppose that *Āgama* is a name given only to the Southern Scriptures, and that *Tantra* is the name of the Scriptures of the Bengal School of *Shāktas*. The Scripture of all these communities is the *Āgama*, and the *Āgama*, is constituted of Scriptures called *Tantras* and other names. To these *Tantras* titles are given just as they are given to chapters in a book, such as the *Lakshmi Tantra* of the *Vaishnava Pancharātra*, *Mālinivijaya Tantra* of the Kashmir *Shaiva Āgama*, and the *Kulārnava Tantra* of the Bengal *Shākta Āgama*. These four Scriptures do not supersede or contradict one another, but are said to be various expressions of the one truth presented in diverse forms, suited to the inhabitants of the different Ages. As a Pandit very learned in the *Āgama* told me, all the Scriptures constitute one great "Many-millioned Collection" (*Shatakoti Samhita*). Only portions of the Vaidik Ritual have survived to-day. The bulk of the ritual which to-day governs all the old schools of Hindu worshippers is to be found in the *Āgamas* and their *Tantras*. And in this lies one reason for their importance.

SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

12

METAMORPHOSIS

If those shape-changings yet are made
That Ovid sang in days gone by,
Take me, and in a flowery glade
Turn me into a butterfly.
There let me all the sunny days,
A shuttle flickering right and left,
Through the hued warp that Eros lays
Weave the white thread of Psyche's weft.

Let beauty still with beauty wed,
While I, the priest that bless the rite,
Shepherd through seasons far ahead
The generations of delight.
Though from their joy I move apart,
Our dreams shall fill with ancient things ;
I find their honey in my heart,
And they my troubling touch of wings.

JAMES H. COUSINS

SANTINIKETAN,
12*th July*, 1926

THE TWO STRAINS

By "Scraps"

It was a strange conversation,—strange, that is, because it seemed to be so utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. In the business quarters of a busy Indian city, in the offices of a well-known Indian criminal lawyer, sat the man himself talking to his son who had come back, six months before, from England. And he was announcing to his son his final decision, after thirty years of a famous practice, to leave his home, to leave the city, and his friends and the reputation he had built up, for the yellow robes of a Sanyasi and a little shrine in the hills.

It was his private room in the office, with a very business-like atmosphere and very Western furnishings; a reprint of a book-illustration from Don Quixote hung on the walls along with one or two modern etchings. And that perhaps was why the conversation seemed so strange. For an hour now they had argued, or rather the son had, and with a man he hardly recognized. For the keenness had left his eyes,—light brown eyes that had always been remarkable for the piercing quality of their glance,—and it made a tremendous difference to his face. He seemed to see nothing of the things around him, and his son found it almost hopeless to try to reach him, as he repeated wearily for the twentieth time—"But do you know what you want—do you know it? What do you think you will get from it?" And the answer came in slow level tones; "I know what I do not want, this everlasting human tangle, this pettiness, ugliness." "I simply can't understand you," the young man burst out; "if only I could understand! It might be all very well for the mystic,—but you!" "What do you mean by a mystic?"—The question came with a touch of the old swiftness; "you can't put people into compartments like that;" then his voice regained its level composure; "you are young and have only just returned from England; but you will understand some day; it's in our blood." "Where?" came the impatient exclamation, "grandfather was a surgeon, fairly hard-headed by your own account. Where does the strain come in?" "It was in him, part of him, all the time, in operation theatre and research laboratory; and your great-grandfather went away, left everything." "But why, why, why?" repeated the younger man hopelessly; "what is the matter with this? What's wrong?" "Nothing is the matter," he answered with a half-smile playing about his lips; "it doesn't matter, that's all." Stung by the remoteness of one who had always been so near the young man spoke angrily, "renunciation, asceticism, all that was antiquated by now, I thought;—for us, at least." He smiled again; "you do not understand what you are talking

about. And Sanyas is not renunciation, not necessarily; it is a state of mind,—detachment." "It sounds cold, remote," then, lowering his voice, "as you seem, now." But at this the smile became tender,—"Oh no, detachment and sympathy can go together." "How? for any sake, tell me," the young man broke out. "I am sorry, but there is no formula for it,—it takes time and experience to attain." He flushed,—he was young; but after all one is not the son of a famous criminal lawyer for nothing, and the next question was more searching. "If it's a state of mind, why must you go away—unless you are only going temporarily. And particularly why must you go to the hills? For I notice it is not any shrine that will do for you. It is the hills that you want and wanting, surely, is not detachment." For the first time his lips became a shade unsteady, he frowned. "Are the two things absolutely different? Would not the hills help one in finding detachment? Yes, perhaps, partly it is the hills that call me. We have hill-blood in our veins, you know." "Two strains, father,—that makes the whole thing much more complex. And there's a third, too,—what you have lived by for the past thirty years,—interest in human problems. Are you sure which strain will win in the end? Have you thought?" Perhaps he wasn't sure. The frown deepened;—but at last the lips steadied again and the perplexity cleared from his eyes. "I don't think, this time;—I feel—" his voice died away. "What do you feel?" Asked his son with slight exasperation. "I feel that I am going home at last." And so they left it at that.

He had been making his preparations for a long time, and it was only a few days later that he was ready to depart. They were in his room, the evening before he was to go. A case had come up that day,—murder, a man and a woman involved; it would go up to the next Sessions. And the son was full of it. "It is a strange case, interesting,—it needs handling," he said; his eyes were keen, his face lit up;—"would you care to hear about it?" He did not, really; he had heard so many. He knew this keenness in his son's face,—the surgeon's interest, the scientist's interest,—he had felt it so often; getting at the facts, cutting through to them, digging for them, behind fear and dirt and lies and passion.—But no more of that soon. His son, watching, wondered if it was worth-while going on with his story. This strange, detached figure in the yellow robes, with its unseeing eyes, its unchanging expression, was not his father; he missed the searching comments, the sudden flashes of insight; was he listening at all? He went on, putting the thing into words for his own sake. "With the Court vacation coming on, we shall have plenty of time," he ended up, "perhaps—perhaps you may come back to see it through." But the figure in the yellow robes heard nothing; he did not seem to have listened at all.

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A month had passed. It was a little broken-down stone shrine in the Ghauts to which he had made his way. He had seen it, on a walking tour fifteen years ago; had forgotten it, and then remembered. He had had no fear of not finding it. Though fifteen years had passed, he had been quite sure that it would be there and that it would be unoccupied. And in fact the people in the village at the foot of the hill had told him that the shrine had been occupied by a holy man for the last eight years, and that he had left it and gone on only a fortnight before. The mountains stretched around him in black tremendous slopes. The kites called down the wind about him; flocks of swifts swept past him: and at night, hundreds of them nested in the holes in the rock above till it seemed alive with birds. Every other day, some one from the village would climb the four miles to the shrine, men, women with little babies on their backs, young girls, sometimes to bring him food, sometimes only to look at him and go away. The monkeys came and chattered round him. The wind rose and raged and tore down the hill-side. At times, on a very still night, or at noon, sounds floated up to him from the little village at the foot of the hill. But consciously it seemed to him that he saw and heard nothing. The mists gathered and scattered; sunrises and sunsets, wonderful morning and evening lights came and went, and he hardly knew it. Only the burden of things seemed passing from him, and the veil that is reality was lifting.

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The rains were coming. He had lost count of the days, but before he could feel the wet in the air, the other things felt it. On the bare black hill-side, scorched by sun and wind, the rosy wild-arrowroot was springing. Little white lilies were coming up in the crevices of the rock. The wild duck had come with its mate to the lake on the hill-side. All about him, the little wild things, the mongooses and the squirrels, were scurrying faster than ever, busy with preparations. And things came back to him,—queer unexpected things, strange things to come back to a man who has found peace among the hills. For the case must have come on,—would they know how to handle it?—The woman's dead-white face, the story,—he had thought he had not listened to it at the time; yet he could remember every detail now; he could fill up the gaps; the human tangle,—his mind had been trained to it,—was there any interest quite like that? He struggled against the waves of consciousness that were sweeping back over him. But he found himself listening now for those still nights and noons when he could hear faint echoes of the bustle of the village below. He had no thought of going back,—no thought at all; until one morning in the early dawn there floated up to him the tinkle of the bells of long lines of bullock-carts going past the village,—and suddenly he arose and started to go back.

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It was a month later. He was back in his old room at the office. He could hear the sound of the typewriters all around him, the click of the electric fan overhead ;—familiar surroundings, busy, business-like, after the strange sounds and stranger silences of the hills. For an instant, he looked up from his papers, and away. His son, entering at the moment, saw the look in his eyes and came to him anxiously. He caught the glance, and understood the anxiety. "I feel," he said, and stopped,—smiled with the corners of his eyes wrinkling the way his son loved,—"I feel I am *back* home." But even as he spoke, the sound of the trams and cars outside his window ceased, the whirr of the typewriters stopped,—he saw the hills and the scurrying mongoose,—he heard the voice of the stream and the call of the kite ; it called—for two seconds—and then passed.

"SCRAPS"

TWO HERALDS IN JAPANESE LITERATURE

Ariwara No Narihira and Ki No Tsurayuki

BY W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

The history of the fine arts is eminently a history of individualities. As with those who paint pictures, or composed music, so also with the men or women who write, there is in general a readiness to work merely in the way, current with their generation. Uncommon indeed are those who, dowered with strength of personality, tread forward on a new path. Nevertheless, in all works which are truly great, winning an enduring place, there are constituents, which are precisely the antithesis of novelty. For remember, certain elements pertain and have pertained, to the people of all times and climes, fundamental as those elements are in human nature. And if, in appraising an artist, whatever his medium, it is of profound importance to look for the new or individual, it is of no less importance to scan his work, for the utterance of those emotions which are familiar to every generation.

The literary activities of Japan date from the 8th century A.D. Notable histories in prose were written at the outset of that cycle, and presently there was abundant composing of verse. There is no rhyme in Japanese literature, and a poem is simply a piece of writing in a prescribed arrangement of accents. In the seven-hundreds, wide vogue was acquired by the *tanka* a formula in which there are five lines, the first and third containing five syllables, and each of the others, seven. The *tanka* was in Japan then, and through long ages subsequently, what the sonnet has been in the Occident. In 794, Kyōto was chosen as capital, and during say 300 years thereafter, a phenomenal refinement obtained, with the people about the imperial court. At this era, the Mikado's palace was the recognised centre of literature, and of scholarship. But along with their love of the fine arts, the courtier class were markedly loose in morals. And it was into this artistic yet depraved noble caste, that both Narihira and Tsurayuki were born. Each of them wrote alike prose and verse, and either man in his poetry, confined himself always or seemingly always to the *tanka*.

The family of Ariwara were descended from the Emperor Heijō, who ruled from 806 to 809. It was in 825 there occurred the birth of Ariwara No Narihira, who joined the Imperial Lifeguards, a regiment recruited from the aristocracy. He rose to high rank, and his duties as a Guardsman officer entailed

ARIWARA NO NARIHIRA

[*Portrait in the Museum of fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America.*]

KI NO TURAYUKI

[*Portrait in the Museum of fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America.*]

his living generally if not exclusively in Kyoto. He had a close friend in Prince Korëtaka, a son of the Mikado Montoku, the former winning distinction as a poet, and eventually becoming a Buddhist priest. While there do not appear to be extant, any pictures by Narihira, tradition maintains that his high celebrity at court was gained by his skill with the brush, in addition to his literary talents. There is heard yet, across the sea of ages, the tale that his love-affairs were particularly numerous, and that they were always of a specially romantic kind. He died in 880, and it was in 883 that Ki No Tsurayuki was born. Several of his relations enjoyed repute as scholars ; two of his kinsmen were outstanding members of the Civil Service of the Government ; and Tsurayuki entered that same department. He was appointed in 930, Governor of the province, Tosa, in Shikoku Island, which lies in the south of the Japanese archipelago. He held this office for five years, the rest of his life being spent chiefly at Kyoto. He acquired renown with the court circle, not through his own writings purely, but also by his scholarship, and he died in 946. At this date, though printing had already been essayed in Japan, it was not yet customary to print books. And the things by Tsurayuki, like those by Narihira, were circulated in the era of those men, simply in manuscript.

The literature of the Sunrise Land embodies quite a large number of fine items, *in the* autobiographic form. It may be, that Narihira was not the first Japanese to keep a diary. But he was the first whose diary survives, which statement calls sharply for a reservation, however. The herald among Japanese novels is *Isë Monogatari*, or Tales of Isë Province, the scenes of this book being laid in the 9th century. It is sometimes held that it was written by the Mikado Kwazan, who reigned from 985 to 986 ; and it is sometimes contended, that he drew his material from a diary by Narihira, which has since vanished. People just after the Guardsman officer's day, it may readily be assumed, would have been careful to preserve any autobiographic writing which had been left by a person of his fame. It is easy to conceive, even such a precious document as this perishing, in the long civil-wars subsequent to Kwazan's time, for Kyoto underwent terrible sacking in the hostilities. And, as will transpire in a moment, the temper of *Isë Monogatari* conduces to strengthen the contention, that the novel is virtually Narihira's personal memoirs.

They are the escapades, a hundred and twenty-five in number, of a Japanese Don Juan, which are recounted in the Tales of Isë. There is a part in which he abducts a lady, who is of so high a rank that she later becomes Empress. There he is in contrast a part, in which his attentions are engaged by a fisherman's daughter. There is not lacking a passage, in which the son is visited by one of his cast-off loves, who brings her child with her. Nor is there lacking a passage, in

which an old sweetheart of his contemplates suicide. And there duly occurs a chapter, in which the amorist promises a young lady, that he is done for ever with intrigues. How thoroughly modern all this sounds, how like some novel of yesterday or to-day, and memorable pages in the *Monogatari* are those, in which the son, lingering at a place "where rises bloomed in a charming manner," has a little afterwards a specially fine view of Mt. Fuji. Beyond question, the Japanese as a nation, have a singularly keen fondness for the beauties of nature. And these pages, in the Tales of Isë, are apparently the earliest thing in the literature of Japan, in which that fondness is set forth in prose.

In 905 Tsurayuki, at the request of the Mikado Daigo, began to compile an anthology, *Kokinshu*, or the garner of Old and New Poems. The pieces in it are arranged, according to their subjects ; there is a great number of those *tanka*, whereby Narihira had won his distinction in his lifetime. Things by him figure under the headings, spring and summer and autumn ; inevitably, things by him figure too, under the headings, Parting and Love. In *Isë Monogatari*, the text is spangled with *tanka*, this mingling of verse and prose being greatly common in Japanese literature, notably in the diaries. Of the poems which are given in the *Kokinshu*, with Narihira's name appended, there are several which occur also in the novel. And their dual appearance thus is significant, tending as it does to support the theory, that the novel was based on the Guardsman's diary. In *Isë Monogatari* there is a part about the Don, estranged from his mistress, going in spring to view the plum-blossoms by moonlight, just as he had done the previous year, when the lady was still kind. And, in the poem which he is represented, as writing on this occasion, he sadly expresses wonder as to whether there is no spring, no moonlight. This pensive little song is among the things by Narihira, which are included in the *Kokinshu*. In another piece by him in that book, he exclaims : "Delightful indeed would be the springtide, if only there were no cherry-flowers to fall." That is, did the vernal season hold no reminder, of the fleeting character of whatsoever things are lovely. In still another poem by the Guardsman, which likewise figures in Tsurayoki's anthology, he sings to the effect that, while he knew well that death lies in wait for all men, yesterday he had never dreamt that this day would be his last! Here assuredly, in these various poems, as in sundry further ones by Narihira, the feelings crystalised are of the sort, which are known in every time or clime. And, if not absolutely the pioneer, the Guardsman certainly came near having priority, in point of time, among those Japanese poets who thus struck a responsive chord in the universal heart.

Tsurayuki contributed to the *Kokinshu* a preface, being a critique of Japanese poetry. It is very likely that, scholar that he was, his critical pages were in some degree inspired, by previous Chinese writings of that class. But his

Kokinshu introduction would seem, to constitute the dawn of Japanese literary criticism. There is finely conspicuous by its absence from his study, talk about the mere technicalities of verse. He had a considerably philosophic mind, and he reflects a true concern to search for the very bases of poetry, the mysterious source from which the art emanates. Men and women have sung, he writes, because their hearts were full of happiness; men and women have sung, he adds, because they felt in so poignant way, the adumbration around them of mutability. Recalling what has been said, about the Japanese people having a signally keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, it is not surprising to find, that Tsurayuki descants on poetry having been evoked, " by joy in the loveliness of flowers, by wonder at the song of birds, and by tender welcome of the mists of springtide." He enumerates what he regards, as the prime qualities in the outstanding singers of the past. And he speaks of Narihira's opulence in emotional feeling.

It is to Tsurayuki that gratitude is due, for the oldest of those Japanese diaries which have survived in their original form. This book by him might further more be called, the oldest of Japanese works on travel. For it is not a record, of the whole of the author's life; it recounts his voyage home to Kyoto, after his term of office, as Governor of Tosa; and its title is therefore *Tosa Nikki*, which latter word means journal. True son of Nippon that he was, the writer expatiates repeatedly on the beauty of the places where his junk cast anchor. In the *Tosa Nikki*, as in the *Isë Monogatari*, the prose is spangled with verses. Some are by the Governor himself, and some are by the people with whom he was brought in contact when travelling with his ever-present critical instinct, he is apt to be severe on these people's efforts in song. He speaks of one poem as "dragged out," of another as being "heavy as a net filled with fish." And he evinces great pride, when his own child daughter succeeds in composing a *tanka*, which same he commits to his *Nikkit*. Shortly before his journey, the Governor had lost another little girl; he writes much and tenderly, alike in verse and prose, on his bereavement. And his journal enshrines a remarkably impressive little allusion to the emotional consanguinity of mankind the world over. The part at issue is about a poem on the moon, which was written by a Japanese poet, Abë No Nakamaro (701-770), when tarrying in China. And quoting the poem, Trurayuki continues: "In that far-off realm, the language was different from ours, but the moonlight was the same, and would not the hearts of men be the same also?"

Besides the verses by the Governor diarist in his *Tosa Nikki*, there are *tanka* by him in his own collection, *Kokinshu*. He is represented there, under the headings of the four Seasons; he appears in the categories, Sorrow and Love, likewise there is verse by him in subsequent anthologies, for example the *Gosen*, on Later Choice, compiled in the mid-10th century. As in his prose, so in his *tanka*,

Tsurayuki is frequently concerned with describing beauties of nature. Now his topic is moonlight; now the waves with white crests; now again the sandy shore, or the pine-trees. And singing of these last he exclaims, that they are evergreens, whereas the poet must pass away. In another piece he observes that, knowing though he does that Spring will come once more, he knows too that he may be dead ere that, wherefore it is well to take delight in the Season. And "The song of the Crane" is the title, of yet another poem by him :

"Mournful indeed the notes of the crane,
Winging across the reed, grown plain.
Surely the thoughts of the bird are set,
On something, alas, it would fain forget."

It will be clear now that, scholar though Tsurayuki was, in his writings, as in Narihira's, there is abundent human interest.

ARIWARA NO NARIHIRA *By Iwasa Matabei*
[*Painting at the Shinto Temple, Toshogu, Kawagoe, Japan.*]

If in Japan, painters never wrought portraits from actual sittings, it was long customary, when a celebrity died, to fashion straightway a memorial likeness of him. This would almost certainly be done, on the death of the Guardsman author, and on that of the father of Japanese criticism. Whence it is probable it was on memorial likenesses, now vanished, that there were based the paintings of the two writers which are shown here. The presentment of Narihira, by Iwasa Matavei (1578-1650), is an item in a series by that painter, depicting the outstanding poets of the Sunrise Land. The other picture of Narihira would seem, from its style, to have been executed about the same time as the Matavei work. This other picture is a unit in a pictorial album, entitled *The Thirty-six Immortal Bards*, the identity of

the painter involved being matter of debate. In either presentment, the subject is figured, wearing his uniform as a soldier in the Imperial Lifeguards. On either painting, the same poem by the Guardsman is inscribed, being that which has been quoted earlier, about the sweetness which Spring would have, if only there were no blossoms to fall. The effigy of Tsurayuki is also an anonymous unit in the pictorial album aforesaid, *The Thirty-six Immortal Bards*. And in the poem by him, which is inscribed above his likeness, he compares the fluttering cherry-flowers to snow-flakes.

Readers may decide for themselves, whether these portraits give an idea of the aspect of the two men, such as is logically expected, considering the character of their respective literary achievements. In the 15th century there were written several plays, in which incidents from *Isë Monogatari* are dramatised. And an edition of the novel, published in 1608, is of secular books printed in Japan, one of the very earliest containing woodcut illustrations. If the memory of Narihira, and of Tsurayuki, is still fondly cherished by their country, how could this have been otherwise, when each of the two writers is so rich in that union of the new and the old, which is among the prime traits of enduring art ?

Three Poems.

CONTEMPLATION.

Even the most insensate clod
Holds shapes of beauty to the seeing eye;
Nothing is soul-less.
All lovely things, like flowers, birds and trees,
Pulse with the common breath of life;
Nothing is too small to hold this glory—
The most minute creation,
Even though invisible to man,
Throbs with the self-same force
That stirs our hearts in mightier forms.
To me there is no single thing so mean
That it is not graced with charm
If one looks deep enough within—
All lovely things have souls
For are they not all born of God?

LOST WISDOM.

What does a baby see when it smiles,
Or laughs in elfin glee ;
Or stares with eyes that look beyond our ken?
Visions that we have lost long since awhile?
We are obscured in flesh, and deaf
To music such as babies hear—
Perhaps they have not lost the legacy
They brought with them from distant stars ;
Alas, that all those visions should grow dim
And fade, and we be deaf to fairy music in the air—
What have we now, so rare,
So exquisitely pure, as thoughts
That hold an infant captive in their thrall?

CAPTIVES.

Have you ever stood before the bars of a cage
In a zoo, and watched the endless swing
Of captive beasts, whose sorrows knows no voice,
But who in motion only give eloquence to grief?
Have you ever watched the brief wild flight
Of shut-in birds, that beat against the
Narrow confines of their jail? How they
Flutter blindly towards the light,
Only to strike their bruised wings
Against relentless walls that hold them
Prisoners from their true heritage, the sky?
So God must watch us as we grope
With hearts insurgent, but enchained.
We, who would fly on wings and sing;
Or roam the world at will, His captives too, and mute,
Half beast, half angel, waiting for release!

LILY S. ANDERSON

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AVIMĀRAKA

ACT VI

(*Then enter the Nurse*)

NURSE

Alas for the fickleness of Fate! At first the princess was chosen by king Sauvira for his Visṇusena but later she has been wedded to one of unknown lineage yet of more than human loveliness. And now there has been brought Jayavarma, son of the king of Benares, with the queen, Sudarsana, by the minister Bhūtika and they are now in the palace, though the king has not appeared under the pretext of a sacrifice. (I wonder) what will happen.

(*Then enter Vasumitrā*)

VASUMITRĀ

Queer are the ways of astrologers! They think only of their own good luck; but never care to realise the seriousness of their action. The prince has arrived to-day and to-day the marriage is to be celebrated. (*Walking about.*) Ha! This is Jayada, she appears lost in thought and looks anxious and unhappy. Jayada! The Queen says—'come.'

NURSE

Friend, do you know why?

VASUMITRĀ

For what else but to think of what is to be done in this affair?

NURSE

What does the Queen say about it? (1)

VASUMITRĀ

She does not want to give her daughter to Jayavarma, till she knows something of Visṇusena, her relative; and the king himself is in great sorrow on account of the ignorance of his whereabouts.

(*Entering*)

NALINIKĀ

All our sorrows now seem to have come to a crisis. (*Walking about and looking*) why, here's my mother, consulting Vasumitrā. I'll approach them and learn the sad news.

---

(1) The proposed alliance with Jayavarma.

VASUMITRĀ

Ha! Nalinika, come up. Because you are with the Chamberlain, you must be aware of the news in the court.

NALINIKA

(There is) very good news! and I have come to tell you of it.

VASUMITRĀ

Speak, dear.

NALINIKA

An ambassador has come from the ministers of king Sauvira. "Know, lord, that we have learnt through our spies that our lord is living in disguise in your kingdom with his wife and son."

BOTH

Why, living in disguise? then, then—

NALINIKA

Hearing this and reading through the whole communication, the king has gone out in search of him accompanied by the worthy sire, Bhūtika.

NURSE

What will happen now?

VASUMITRĀ

Nalinika, you will now go in.

(Exit Nalinika)(2)

VASUMITRĀ

Come now; we will go to the queen.

NURSE

So be it.

(*Exeunt*)

INTERLUDE

(*Then enter Kuntibhoya accompanied by king Sauvira and Bhūtika*)

KUNTIBHOYA

Friend!

(We have) met after a long time why do you stare at my face? Embrace me closely, friend, and remember our youth.(3) Our friendship seems now to have been renewed as it were and I am now gladly looking at you with unwinking eyes. (1)

---

(2) The speech of Nalinika is not found in our text.

(3) The verse does not yield any good idea as it stands, since the first part does not run on with the second; and nothing can be said until a better reading is available. (Our text reads *dṛṣtham* for *dṛṣthaḥ* and *adya* for *asya*) but nothing more material.

KING SAUVĪRA

As you wish.

(*Both embrace*)

KUNTIBHOYA[4]

Your mind seems to be lost in thought ;[4] your words are faltering with sighs, your eyes are filled with tears and your face is sad. Why this change, when you ought to be happy ?

KING SAUVĪRA

Not that I am not glad of your companionship, but [5]

Sorrow for my son which has been smouldering in my breast is now come out in shape of tears on its getting a friend in thee. (2)

KUNTIBHOYA

What, sorrow for your son !

BHŪTIKA

May it please, my lord, the prince has not been seen for the last[6] one year.

KING SAUVĪRA

Strong is my sorrow for my child. See, friend ! I am now thinking of my son Avimāraka, who is of rare strength and valour and beauty. I shall have the tuft of my hair adorned with the dust of your feet, if my son happens to be here.

BHŪTIKA

(*to himself*)

Great indeed is his sorrow for his child and it is only growing. I shall turn away his thoughts.[7] (*Aloud*) whence is this adversity[8] for my lord ?

KUNTIBHOYA

Lost in this talk, I also forgot to ask you about it.

KING SAUVĪRA

Listen, why Bhūtika knows it ! Perhaps you desire to know it from my own lips ?

KUNTIBHOYA

We are attentive.

---

(4) In the second para. our text reads te for c'a
(5) The sentence following is omitted in our text.
(6) Our reading words *atete* after *asmin*.
(7) Our reading runs " Vilobhayāmyenam."
(8) The adversity referred to is the life of disguise he was leading.

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KING SAUVĪRA

You have heard of the very angry Brahmarṣi Caṇḍa Bhārgava by name?

KUNTIBHOYA

The worthy sage is well known.

KING SAUVĪRA

He came to my kingdom and had his disciple attacked and killed in the forest by a tiger.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

At that time I also happened to go there by chance in the course of my hunt.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then on seeing me, his anger knew no bounds! His face became harsh with darting brows and his matted hair fell loose; and with his hand placed on the body of the disciple, the angry sage, showing no inclination to listen to me and burning with the fire of anger, began to revile me in words faltering with emotion.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

And then, alas for the strong arm of fate, I also lost my temper and angrily said: "Thou knowst not the truth; thou art reviling me for nothing."

"Thou speakest not the truth but got into anger and revilest me as you please without cause. Thou art no receptacle for penance; thou art but a hunter in the guise of a Barhmarṣi." (5)

KUNTIBHOYA

Unlike yourself were your words. Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then on hearing this he flared like fire when oil is poured upon it and with fiery eyes he shook his head exclaiming 'how,' 'how' and then cursed me thus: since thou hast called me, a Brahmarṣi, a hunter, thou shalt with thy wife and child become a hunter. (6)

KUNTIBHOYA

Alas, how insignificant the cause and how serious the effect of adversity.

BHŪTIKA

Fortunate, indeed, is the family of king Sauvira. For, when that angry Brahmarṣi cursed you to be a hunter, he did not in that form reduce everything to ashes. (7)

KUNTIBHOYA

Well has Bhūtika said. Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then being confounded with that curse,

I long tried to please him, and at last he became himself and then blessed me thus:

"When thou hast lived in disguise for one year, thou shalt, when the year is complete, be freed of the curse." (8)

Saying this, he called out with a pleasant face, 'come, oh, Kāsyapa' and then he who was killed by the tiger followed him. And I have now finished the one year of hunter's life and am freed of the curse.[9]

KUNTIBHOYA

Now, then, how is it that Viṣṇusena is become Avimāraka.

BHŪTIKA

Listen, my lord. There is an *asura*, named Dhūmaketu. But upon destroying the whole world he was wandering and came to the kingdom of Sauvira to destroy it.

KUNTIBHOYA

This is news to me. And then?

BHŪTIKA

Then on seeing the distress of the people and finding no remedy against the Rākṣasa, the king became very sad.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

BHŪTIKA

Then knowing all this, the young prince Viṣṇusena, with his body covered with dust, and his hair falling loose on either side came playing by chance to where the Rākṣasa stood, thanks to the carelessness of the guard.

---

(9) The portion following as far as the next speech is found omitted in our text.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then ?

BHŪTIKA

Then that Rākṣasa, in the form of *Avi*,[10] approached the prince and was about to begin his work, as if he was a piece of excellent food.

KUNTIBHOYA

Alas for the cruelty of the Rākṣasa ! Then, then ?

BHŪTIKA

Then the prince smiled awhile ;

And unarmed he killed in battle, as if it was a mere sport for him, the wicked Rākṣasa, as the falling lightning destroys the mountain and the forest fire the forest. (9)

KUNTIBHOYA

Have I not said even at the time when the elephant ran amock that he is not a mere human being but of divine lineage.

KING SAUVĪRA

What do you think, my lord, of Avimāraka with your thousand eyes of spies ?

BHŪTIKA

All accessible places have been searched by me but the prince is no where to be seen by my spies. We still desire to discover him but he seems to be wrapped in Māya. (10)

(*Then enter Nārada.*)

NĀRADA

I do please the Pitāmaha[11] with the Vēdas, put Viṣṇu into ecstacies with my music. In some way or other every day I produce music in my instrument and quarrel in the world. (11)

Ah ! Kuntibhoya's father, Duryodhana, was for long my devotee ; when he died, his son has continued in that and is a servant of mine.

Kuntibhoya and king Sauvira are now in great misery because Avimāraka is not seen. Hence I have now come down to the earth to show them Avimāraka and thus ease their minds.

(*Stand before Kuntibhoya and king Sauvira.*)

---

(10) Avi means sheep. The demon put on the guise of a sheep and attacked him. Are we to find in this a reference to the '*otiyan*' once so common in Kerala ?

(11) Pitāmaha means Brahma.

23

KUNTIBHOYA

Ha ! here's the benign Devarṣi Nārada !
Sire, I bow to thee.

NĀRADA

All hail to thee !

KUNTIBHOYA

Blessed am I.

KING SAUVĪRA

Sire, I bow to thee.

NĀRADA

Peace be to you !

KING SAUVĪRA

Blessed am I.

KUNTIBHOYA

Bhūtika, honour the worthy sire by offering *Arghya* and *Pādya*.(12)

BHŪTIKA

As it pleases, my lord. (*Going out and coming in*) worthy sire, here are *Arghya* and *Pādya*.(13)

KUNTIBHOYA

(*Honouring him*)

Sanctified, indeed, is this abode by my sire's presence here.

KING SAUVĪRA

Now am I freed of my curse, thanks to the sight of a Devarṣi.

NĀRADA

I have come here not merely for seeing you, but on learning your sorrow on not seeing Avimāraka

BOTH

If so, we are no longer sad.

NĀRADA

Bhūtika, go bring Sudarsana

BHŪTIKA

As my sire orders. (*Going out*)

(*Then enter Bhūtika accompanied by Sudarṣana.*)

---

(12) The reading adopted here is based upon our manuscript.
(13) The following two speeches are omitted in our text.

SUDARSANA

Bhūtika, the divine sage is come here?

BHŪTIKA

Its even so.

SUDARSANA

Now my son's marriage can be conducted with a lord presiding. (*Approaching.*) Worthy sire, my obeisance to you.

NĀRADA

Worthy lady, thus mayst thou ever attain happiness; and king Kuntibhoya shall ever have pleasure forced upon him. (12)

SUDARSANA

Blessed am I.[14]

KUNTIBHOYA

Worthy sire, is the son of king Sauvira alive?

NĀRADA

Yes.

KING SAUVĪRA

Why, then, is it that he is not seen?

NĀRADA

On account of a marriage.[15]

KING SAUVĪRA

Where does the prince live now? [16]

NĀRADA

In the city, named Vairantya.

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it.[17] Whose son-in-law is he?

NĀRADA

Of Kuntibhoya.

KUNTIBHOYA

Who is he?

(14 & 15) The speech following is not in our text.

(16) Our text adds—*Kumaro Varlate.*

(17) The sentence preceding is omitted in our text.

24

NĀRADA

The father of Kurangi, lord of the city of Vairantya, and son of Duryodhana,[18] is king Kuntibhoya. Art thou not he? (13)

KUNTIBHOYA

Why speak much. Does my worthy sire mean that the prince has married Kurangi?

NĀRADA

So it is.

KUNTIBHOYA

I am ashamed. Who gave away the princess[19] and how did he gain entry into the harem?

NĀRADA

She was given away first by fate and seen during the elephant confusion First he entered by valour and subsequently by Māya. (14)

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it. No reply is possible to the words of a sage. Benign sire, is it the proper time to celebrate the marriage of the prince and Kurangi, which is already over?

NĀRADA

The Gandharva marriage that was then made was at the proper time.

KUNTIBHOYA

I wish to perform it in the presence of Fire.

NĀRADA

Ever is it in the presence of Fire![20] yet to please your kinsmen get it performed by the family preceptor and quickly bring here the prince and his bride.[21]

KUNTIBHOYA

Benign sire, I have something to inform you.

NĀRADA

Freely speak.

KUNTIBHOYA

Benign sire, I have promised to give Kurangi to Jayavarma, son of Sudarṣana and hence have I brought her here. Tell me what I am to do.

---

(18) Our text reads—'*Duryodhanas utoraja.*'

(19) Our text adds '*Kumari*' after '*datta*' and omits *Katham Va.*

(20) Because Avimaraka is an incarnation of Agni.

(21) Our text omits the portion of the text following till the end of Bhūtika's exit.

NĀRADA

So shall I do. Step aside for a while.

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it. (*Do so.*)

NĀRADA

Sudarsana, come up.

SUDARSANA

Worthy sire, here am I.

NĀRADA

You have heard what I have said ? [22]

SUDARSANA

And my sire knows this also !

NĀRADA

So do as I tell you.

SUDARSANA

I'll do so. Command me, benign lord.

NĀRADA

This is thy son begot by Agni. Thy sister, Sucetanā's son died at th moment of its birth ; and there thy son, thou gave unto her. King Sauvira wa much pleased with him and performing all the rites named him Viṣṇusena. The was he growing up with more than mortal beauty and strength and valour an prowess when he killed the monster of a demon in the form of a sheep, an then came to be well-known as Avimāraka. He was also exiled through the curs of the sage and on the day of the elephant riot saw Kurangi, became lost in lov and through rare manliness got united with her. Though he was sought after b the guards who thought they saw him, he escaped being covered by Agni. his sorrow he tried to destroy himself by jumping into the fire, but the benign lo Agni did not burn him but only embraced him lovingly ; so he went to a mou tain resolved to commit Marut-Prapatam.

SUDARSANA

Alas for the misfortune !

NĀRADA

There a *Vidyādhara* chanced to see him and being very much taken him by his handsome features gave him a ring by wearing which on the rig hand he would become invisible.

(22) The two speeches following are omitted as per our text.

SUDARSANA

Wonderful, wonderful !

NĀRADA

Then wearing the ring on the right hand, and accompanied by the Brahmin, named Santuṣṭa he entered the palace of the daughter of Kuntibhoya, as if it were his own house and is living there with Kurangi.

SUDARSANA

My mind was astir for being deceived by the worthy lady, but is now filled with wonder. Worthy sire, all these days I was thinking of Kurangi as the bride of Jayavarma, now she is become an object of reverence to him.

NĀRADA

Lady, thou hast spoken as becomes your noble self. How can the elder's wife be given to the younger ? Sudarsana ! Tell the king of Benares that Kurangi is too old for Jayavarma. Kurangi has a younger sister and she may become the bride of Jayavarma.

SUDARSANA

I accede to the words of the sage.

NĀRADA

Go follow Kuntibhoya.

SUDARSANA

As my worthy sire orders.

(*Then enter Avimāraka dressed as a bridegroom accompanied by Kurangi.*)

AVIMĀRAKA

Ah ! I feel ashamed of the turn events have taken.

Those who have seen me on the day of the *elephant-riot* and praised me then for my valour, will now on hearing the news speak low of my descent. (15)

(*Walking about and looking*) Ha ! Here is the benign sire, Nārada, who indeed—has his mind always intent on cursing and blessing, has his throat filled with music and the vedas, produces enmity even in loving people, and brings about even lost things. (16)

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, prince, come. Make your obeisance to the divine Devarṣi who is our family god.

AVIMĀRAKA

Benign sire ! My obeisance to you.

NĀRADA

All hail to you and your bride.

AVIMĀRAKA

Blessed am I. Uncle, I bow to you.

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, child, come. Conquer the Brahmins by patience; conquer the dependents by kindness; conquer thyself by true knowledge, and conquer kings by valour. (17)

Come this way, child, and bow to your father.[23]

AVIMĀRAKA

Ah, father, my obeisance to you.

KING SAUVĪRA

Come, my son!

Attired beautifully in the garb of the bridegroom and with your face beaming pure being held down in respecting your elders, may you look on your son, as we do now with eyes filled with tears of joy. (18)

My son, make your obeisance to your uncle.

AVIMĀRAKA

Uncle, I bow to you.

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, child, come![24]

Be thou like Viṣṇu by the daily performance of auspicious sacrifices; be thou like Dasaratha in the firmness of honesty; be thou like your father in giving what you have, and like thyself be thou in valour. (19)

KING SAUVĪRA

Bow, child, to Sudarsana.

KUNTIBHOYA

It looks improper to make obeisance to Sudarsana, before doing so before Sucetana.

---

(23) Our text omits the speech of Avimarka following this.

(24) Here is a repetition of the bowing to, and of the blessing from, Khuntibhoya; and in view of the latter's statement following her incline to think that the first bowing and blessing are out of place. We would therefore omit lines three and four as given in the printed text and retain line seven thus:

नारदः—स्वस्ति भवते सपत्नीकाय क्षमया जयेति ।

अविमारकः—अनुग्रहीतोस्मि ।

कुन्तिभोजः—वत्स इतेति ।

NĀRADA

There is enough reason. Offer your respects to Sudarsana.

BOTH

Do so.

AVIMĀRAKA

Lady, I bow to you.

SUDARSANA

Prince, may you live long with her. (*Embracing.*) After a long time art thou seen. Now do I enjoy the pleasures of getting a son born to me. (*Weaping.*)

AVIMĀRAKA (25)

On seeing her whose eyes are filled with tears and whose breasts are flowing with milk, Sucetana appears to be but my nurse, hiding away my mother. (20)

NĀRADA

Enough of this too great expression of love. The virtuous Sucetana and the fair Sudarasana, accompanied by their son and daughter—let them retire to the harem.

KUNTIBHOYA

As my benign sire orders.

NĀRADA

Further allow king Sauvira to proceed before long to his kingdom; and offer Sumitra to Jayavarma, son of the king of Benares.

KUNTIBHOYA

Blessed am I.

NĀRADA

Kuntibhoya, what other pleasure shall I do for you?

KUNTIBHOYA

Everything is done, if my sire is pleased with me.[26]

EPILOGUE

May the earth be without sin; may enemies be suppressed, and may our king Rāja Simha rule over the whole earth.

(*Exeunt all.*)

ACT VI

Peace and blessing be unto all.

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(25) Our text correctly reads Avimaraka instead of Kuntibhoya.

(26) The portion following this is omitted in our text.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

By Md. Hafiz Syed

The inner must correspond with the outer. It must reflect its true way. We are taught in the sublime scriptures of the ancient Hindus that the man's innermost Self is life, light and love. It is ever existent, compassionate, just, balanced, free, harmonious, strong, serene, pure, etc. These virtues must be translated into action and not only loved, but lived to make the reality of the inward life a truth and a fact. This is the metaphysical reason why one should cultivate and live up to high moral and spiritual ideals before one is blessed with spiritual enlightenment. Unless an aspirant gradually trains his body and mind to vibrate harmoniously with, to fall in love with, the inner call, inward promtings, in order that when the sun of the true self begins to shine on him with full splendour when he realises his true being, it will be less hard for him to stand its glory and deep sublimity. It is on this ground that all the religions of the world that still preserve their esoteric teachings have laid down a rigid course of self-discipline, which every one has to undergo if he is to achieve any appreciable success on this path. Various kinds of religious rites and ceremonies, fasts and vigils, austerities and penances, are enjoined by different religions in order to help the neophyte to overcome inertia, to control his desire and passion, to rule his thoughts and emotions, to subjugate his wrong bodily propensities. Thus, in time, the outer coverings of man will truly proclaim the real man and the beauty of the self will stand revealed.

What a destiny awaits us !

QUALITY OF LOVE

If we search the human heart we find two types of love in it. First, love for physical forms, physical relations, physical union. This love based on man's identification with his physical vehicles. From time immemorial he has been associating himself with everything material, phenomenal, so much so that he, for a time being, completely loses sight of his spiritual nature. He loves most beautiful forms or those whom he considers the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, his kith and kin, more than anything else, because he believes in physical affinity and close relationship existing between him and his beloved ones. When any one of them disappears from his sight and separation comes he feels intensely pained and grieved. In such a sad mood he becomes inconsolable and repeatedly longs for the same physical form in which his dear one appeared to him, not realising the fact that nothing that has ever had a beginning can last long, and that it is in the very nature of things to wither, decay and vanish. He was greatly mistaken in thinking that the special form he loved was not going to

change at all. If he had true "insight into the meaning of birth, death, old age and sickness" and realised the ephemeral nature of everything earthly, he should not have allowed himself to be attached to any form, however, dear and lovely. It is for this reason that Sri Krishna has repeatedly enjoined upon his disciple and friend Arjuna "to be victorious over the vice of attachment."

Another kind of love existing in the human heart—rarely found—is the love for spiritual things that are free from change—stable and constant. Those who love the spirit more than anything else and also learn to identify themselves with the Spiritual Essence shared by every human being are generally free from the pang of separation, sorrow and suffering on account of their beloved ones; for they believe in all-pervasive unity of the Self and see Him "equally dwelling in the hearts of all."

The spirit which is real man is one and the same in all. It is ever present, ancient, unborn and undying. The varying and decaying forms in which it is clothed, do not affect its uninterrupted continuity and eternal existence. The human body may come and go, but the real man persists at all times. To the eye of the flesh this is imperceptible; but to the inner vision of him who has become alive to its inward light and has learnt to see through the eye of the spirit it is ever present.

When we feel drawn towards a human being by love or admiration we have to discriminate carefully and see whether it is the outer garment of the man that is attracting us or whether we are drawn by something inward and real. It is the former, it will be worth our while to wean ourselves from it with the help of the thought that, after all, the glamour of outer beauty is but momentary, it will fade away like a flower. If we set our hearts on it, it will soon cause us the pang of separation, for it is after all unsubstantial and unreal. If it is the latter we should try to expand and intensify the love we bear an individual existence and begin to feel true sympathy and genuine love for all that has a life. This recognition and cultivation of the universal love of spirit in all, will save us from the poignant sorrow and heart-rending pain that we generally feel when separated form our loved ones. When it is once accepted as a fact and reality that the spirit is one and the same in all, whether by physical relation one is our son or daughter, brother or sister, friend or stranger, we shoud treat all alike. It is then that we shall learn to love in Spirit Eternal and have the bliss and joy of "peace that passeth all understanding" and puts an end to all kinds of pain.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

If it were possible to take a general survey of all mankind and their hearts we should not have to wait long before we discover that every man, high

or low, learned or ignorant, boy or adult, savage or sage without an exception, is in search of some kind of pleasure or happiness in his own way.

Some seek it in the objects of senses; some in æsthetic enjoyments; others again in intellectual pursuits or in name and fame, honour and position. Every one of them longs for it, but in spite of his ceaseless efforts and intense desire never attains it to his heart's content. He is ever found dissatisfied and discontented with his lot. The idea of the futility of their search in the midst of their repeated failures hardly dawns upon their minds and they continue desiring and madly running after the very same objects which they acquired, and found—incapable of affording lasting pleasure. The little momentary pleasurable sensation they experienced from them, continues to egg them on to have the same passing and tantalising relish over and over again. Never for a moment do they pause and think that times out of number the objects of their desire have been attained and found tasteless and rapid; why should they not seek something more valuable and comparatively more lasting than the things they so often experienced and tasted. Those who pursued the pleasure of the senses and found it disappointing should try and seek it in something higher and more abiding, namely intellectual pursuits; similarly, those who kept themselves engaged in literary labours and after long experience found that even these failed to stand by them to the last, should certainly turn their attention to things higher and purer than intellectual; namely spiritual, and test for themselves whether they contain any element of permanence or not. If they find that they do, it would be meet and proper for them to explore this new vista of happiness also.

There are some kinds of sensual pleasure that after a time no one can enjoy, because the human body is subject to decay. Even the mind cannot remain fresh and vigorous to the last. With the decline of the body it also begins to lose its energy. So those that at one time derived any pleasure from its exercise, fail to find the same zest and relish in mental occupation as they did when they were energetic and healthy. The same thing cannot be said of Spiritual happiness. As it has been explained in the foregoing paragraphs, the human spirit is free from decline at any age. Only the body is liable to change and not the Self dwelling in it. Those who search happiness in things spiritual are never disappointed; they go on adding to it as they proceed onward. There is no decline in this pursuit however old, decrepit and frail a man's frame may become, his inward soul is not affected by any change in his outward garment. Therefore those that genuinely desire "happiness expent from decay" should devote their time to this by far the most enduring pursuit.

MD. HAFIZ SAYED

28

THE MESSENGER *Nicholas Reorich*

POETRY INTERPRETED BY MUSIC

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

The early history of poetry interpreted by music is to be found in the record of our ancestors' attempts to express emotion through the medium of sound. Herbert Spencer considered it probable that the properties of music were originally discovered by primitive peoples in their endeavours to emphasise speech, and melody in its simplest form appears to have been based upon the natural inflections of the speaking voice.

Varied are the experiments which have been made at different periods to unite words and music. Amongst the Greeks Ionian epic poetry was founded upon the lays sung by the Aeolic minstrels. These bards played an important rôle in the life of the nation. They were employed to sing ballads celebrating the deeds of the ancient Greek heroes and accompanied themselves upon the harp. Although string instruments were much in vogue in Greece, the Asiatic flute was utilised for the performance of elegies, whilst, in general, the two arts of poetry and music were so closely associated that effective interpretation of the former depended upon the development of the latter. The adequate rendering of Greek lyric poetry composed roughly between 670 and 440 B.C. depended upon the musical accompaniment of the lyric, because the uninterrupted flow of the music facilitated the pauses in the declamation, and enhanced its dramatic value. Every student of poetry interpreted by music must mourn over the loss of the music to which the Greek lyrics were set. Without it, it is impossible to form any adequate conception of the effect produced by the verse, when it was enhanced by an instrumental accompaniment in accordance with the intentions of the authors.

India has afforded many interesting examples of poetry interpreted by music, both in the performance of dramatic and epic poetry. For the foreigner, appreciation of the many subtle beauties of Indian music is vastly increased by acquaintance with the poetic treasures of Northern and Southern India.

Many points of resemblance existed between Hebrew poetry and Hebrew music. Not only was a Hebrew poem declaimed, it was sung. A striking characteristic of a great portion of ancient Hebrew poetry is the parallelism of the phrases, in which each sentence or complete thought is formed by two similar or contrasting thoughts, and it is probable that the accompanying music

was identical in character. Formerly, there was a partial or sometimes a complete absence of melody in the services of the synagogue, the music depending on the rhythm and sequence of the words.

Most, if not all, early Irish poetry was intended to be sung. The bards flourished in Ireland before the Christian era and, as a mark of esteem, they were permitted to wear four colours—only one less than the chieftains. Bardic schools were protected by the rulers of the country, and the inmates of the colleges were required to refrain from any sin which might degrade their art and learning.

The German Minnesänger, the Russian minstrels, the French troubadours of the Middle ages, all interpreted their poetry with the aid of music. The troubadours usually filled the dual rôle of poet and musician, and not infrequently their fame rested upon their musical rather than their literary ability. During the thirteenth century the pastourelle acquired great popularty in France, and many charming specimens of the poetry and music of this period have appeared in the collections of ancient popular songs, transcribed and harmonised by Monsieur Julien Tiersot, published in Paris by the firm of "Au Ménéstrel." The music is derived from the most ancient types of French melody, whilst the poems throw interesting side lights upon mediævel literary taste. Two verses are given below of the thirteenth century, pastourelle of the king of Navarre entitled "La Bergère et Le Roi." The modern French words are by Monsieur Emile Blémont and an English transcription is appended in brackets. The subject of the pastourelle —the meeting of the noble seducer with the innocent and mocking shepherdess —recurs constantly in mediæval popular song.

"L'autre jour pour se distraire,
Près d'un pois et d'un verger,
Sur ma route une bergère
Chantait sous un vert pommier :
'Ah ! disait-elle en premier,'
'Ah ! l'amour, le tendre amour !'
Je lui dis donc à mon tour
(Bien que pour elle étranger)
Je lui dis sans y songer :—
'Dieu vous garde en ce beau jour !'

"Mon salut, cette bergère
Me le rend pour commencer ;
La voyant fraîche et légère,

Je prétends la courtiser :
'Belle voulez vous m' aimer ?'
'Vous aurez très noble atour.'
'Ne me faites point la cour,'
Votre dire est mensonger ;
J'ai Perrin mon dous berger,
Et ne veux pas d'autre amour."

("While I rode past a wood
A shepherdess stood
'Neath a green apple tree
And she chanted an air
All of Love, though my chère
Was a stranger to me.
When this maid I espied
Without thinking I cried
'Your music cheers my way,'
God keep you to-day.")

("My greeting this fair shepherdess
At first returned with eagerness ;
So thinking her both young and weak,
Methought I would her love bespeak ;
'My pretty maiden love me true,'
'And I'll be very good to you.'
'Ah ! trifle not,' she cried with fear,
Your promises are insincere,
The shepherd Perrin is my boy,
And I'll ne'er be a gallant's toy.")

In the early union of poetry and music the position of the music appears to have been subservient to that of the poetry. In Florence, towards the end of the sixteenth century, monologues and festal orations were set to music, but the Florentines regarded the threatened predominance of the music as a serious menace. They were afraid of the gist of the words being lost, and inclined toward the suppression of melody. The result was a species of declamation to the background of a few chords, known as the "reciting style" (stile recitativo), and this recitative became the foundation of Italian opera. Visitors to Florence who are interested in the literary associations of the buildings there may think it worth while to visit the Palazzo Bardi, for it was here that Jacopo Peri evolved his

theories respecting the dramatic union of poetry and music. Peri was one of a group of learned enthusiasts whose aim was to resuscitate musical declamations, as employed by the ancient Greeks. Peri's "Euridice" was the first Italian opera to receive public performance, and was produced in 1600, in Florence, in honour of the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Maria de Medici. A rare copy of the work is preserved in the British Museum, and a perusal of the score reveals that it was composed throughout in recitative, the music being employed solely as an aid to the dramatic interpretation of the words furnished by the poet Ottavio Rinuccini.

Many English compositions of the same date, excluding the madrigal, present a similar lack of proportion between words and accompaniment. The poets Herrick, (1591-1674), Suckling, (1609-1642) and Lovelace, (1618-1658) were on intimate terms with their musical contemporaries, and when their verses were set to music the words assumed primary importance.

Once the reaction against the tyranny of poets commenced, however, musicians claimed the position of honour for their art and poetry was relegated to the background. Such composers as the Italian Porpora (1886-1766) and the German Hasse (1699-1783) disregarded the meaning of the words which they set to music, and, in consequence, the libretti of their operas and those of their disciples degenerated, frequently, into mere doggerel. Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787) possessed sufficient strength of will and tenacity of purpose to accomplish drastic reforms, which revolutionised the whole sphere of opera. He rebelled against the tyranny of singers who were accustomed to treat composers with scant respect; instead of writing passages which would show off the vocal dexterity of the performers, Gluck satisfied the dictates of his own artistic conscience when creating his masterpieces. He stated "music must be to poetry what colour is to drawing—it must not disturb or blur but raise and enliven it." When his "Alceste" was produced in Vienna in 1767 one critic wrote: "music without solfeggieren and gurgelei, (gurgllings)—This is a wonder work!" In the dedication of the score of "Alceste" to the Grand-duke of Tuscany, Gluck explained his aims in the following passage:—"I shall try to reduce music to its real function, that of seconding poetry, by intensifying the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations, without interrupting the action by needless ornament. . . I do not allow the singer to stop on a sonorous vowel, in the middle of a phrase, in order to show off the nimbleness of a beautiful voice in a long cadenza."

Gluck's endeavours to escape from artificiality in music met with the cordial approval of Jean Jacque Rousseau (1712-1778), who sent an appreciative analysis of "Alceste" to the English critic, Dr. Burney. Rousseau was a musical

enthusiast and exercised considerable influence over the French music of his time, despite his inadequate technical training as a composer. One of his most novel compositions was a "melodrama" or musical recitation entitled "Pygmalion," which may be regarded as the forerunner of the scenes of musical declamation included in the works of modern composers. Rousseau's "Pygmalion" was performed in Paris in 1775, and at the same period a German musician, Georg Benda by name, wrote a "melodrama" on the subject of "Ariadne on the Island of Naxos." The scores of both "Pygmalion" and "Ariadne" are obtainable in the British Museum, and a persual of the latter work reveals Benda's sympathy with old-fashioned programmatic music, in which composers attempted to reproduce, in sound, the facts recorded in the programmes upon which they based their music. Their endeavours frequently resulted in humorous examples of crude tone painting, as in Scandelli's "La Poule," in which the performer is required to imitate the cackling of a hen. Benda's methods were naïve in the extreme; to illustrate the phrase "The lion roars" he has recourse to a succession of simple octaves, played alternately softly and loudly, whilst a descending scale passage in G major represents the swaying of a rock in the storm, and to modern ears suggests nothing more alarming than elementary five finger exercises.

With the development of the romantic movement in music in the nineteenth century poetry interpreted by music came into its own. The controversy respecting the methods of Richard Wagner (1813-1883) is a thing of the past, and it requires no little stretch of the imagination to realise the bitterness of the struggle which took place during the nineteenth century between the Wagnerites and their opponents. There is a striking similarity between the reforms which Wagner introduced in the nineteenth century and those effected by Gluck some eighty years previously. After Gluck's death in 1787 opera had rapidly degenerated, and Wagner resorted to the union of poetry, music dramatic action and scenic painting for his creation of "The Art Work of the Future" ("Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft"). Wagner ascribed the success of the Greek drama to a similar union of the arts, and he transferred to the orchestra the rôle of the Greek chorus, by employing leitmotives, or leading themes, which he associated with each and every important character and factor in his music dramas. Wagner was artistically bi-lingual—he composed both the music and poetry for his dramas—and created some of the finest specimens of poetry interpreted by music in existence.

The fact that Beethoven introduced Schiller's "Ode to Joy" into the last movement of his ninth symphony was conclusive proof to Wagner that even the giant musician, Beethoven, found orchestral music, alone, inadequate for the

expression of emotion at its zenith. In his opera " Fidelio " and in the incidental music which he composed for Goethe's tragedy of " Egmont," Beethoven proved himself to be keenly susceptible to the possibilities of poetry interpreted by music, and the following remarks from his pen demonstrate the importance which he attached to the subject : " Though the poet carries on his monologue or dialogue in a progressively marked rhythm, yet the declaimer, for the more accurate elucidation of the sense, must make cæsuras and pauses in places where the poet could not venture on any interpunctuation. To this extent then is this style of declaiming applicable to music, and it is only to be modified according to the number of persons co-operating in the performance of a musical composition."

Another work which greatly influenced Wagner was Weber's opera of " Euryanthe," produced in Vienna in October 1823. In it the composer endeavoured to establish a perfect balance between poetry, music and dramatic action, and to this end substituted musical recitative to orchestral accompaniment for the scenes of spoken dialogue, employed in German " Singspiel " and French " Opera Comique."

Romantic musicians were the first to elaborate that exquisite form of poetry interpreted by music, known as the " Lied," in which the subtle poise of words and music is a thing of sheer beauty. Franz Schubert (1797-1828), was the parent of the modern " Lied ; " in his work, verse and music are so closely allied, that a poem is robbed of much of its charm when it is divested of the musical garb supplied by him. Adequate translation of verse into foreign languages for the purposes of song, or of musical recitation, is a vital problem, and it is essential that the metre as well as the meaning of the poem should be reproduced. A specimen of a fine translation of Goethe's " Erl-king " into English is given below, together with the German original. Miss Marie Boileau composed the English version, with a fine regard to rhythm and word values, in order that it should be sung to Schubert's music, before audiences unacquainted with the German language.

DER ERLKÖNIG

" Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind ?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind ;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm ;
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

' Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht ? '
—' Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht ? '

'Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?'
'Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif,"

* * *

"Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind;
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot."

GOETHE (1749-1832)

THE ERL-KING

"Who rideth so late thro' midnight wild?
It is the father who bears his child:
He hath the boy secure in his arm;
He holds him safely: he holds him warm.

'My son, why hid'st thou thy visage in fear?'
—'O father, see, the Erl-King is near—
The King of Fairies, in crown and vail!'
'My son, the mists rise o'er the dale'."

* * *

"The father shudders, he rides as tho' wild,
He holds closely to him the low-moaning child;
Attains the tow'r with dole and dread—
Wrapt in his mantle, the child was dead."

MARIE BOILEAU

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was Schubert's successor as a song writer. He increased the importance of the accompaniment as a medium of interpretation, and excelled in his settings of the verses of Eichendorff, Reckert, Heine, Chamisso, etc. Great poetry alone inspired him, for he was the possessor of refined literary taste and was well acquainted with the work of English, German and French authors. Declamation to music was an art from which attracted him, and he introduced it very successfully into his setting of "Manfred," Byron's remarkable, metaphysical, dramatic poem. In a letter addressed to Murray, the publisher, in 1817, Byron stated—"I have at least rendered it ("Manfred") quite impossible for the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane has given me the greatest contempt." Since 1848-89,—the period at which Schumann composed the music several interesting performances of the drama and music

united have taken place. When the exacting rôle of Manfred is interpreted by an actor with vision, such performances offer great artistic enjoyment, for the music lends the continuity necessary, and helps to elucidate many obscure passages of the drama. Shorter poems which Schumann effectively set as musical recitations with pianoforte accompaniment include Hebbel's "Fair Hedwig," and "The Heather Boy" and Shelley's "The Fugitives." In the web and woof of his accompaniment to the last-mentioned work, Schumann subtly indicated the rush of the sea, the roar of the thunder and the howl of the wind as described by Shelley. Schumann sensed the full beauty of Shelley's word painting with rare intuition, and furnished it with a musical outline which enhances the sound value of the poem, the first portion of which is cited below :—

THE FUGITIVES

"The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing
Away"

"The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away"

"The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!"

The most important contributions of Franz Liszt (1811-1886) to poetry interpreted by music are in the form of the symphonic poem, a style of composition which he evolved to meet the requirements of his inspiration. In these orchestral works the musician enlarged upon the poems which inspired him through the medium of his own art, and the titles alone of many of Liszt's symphonic poems afford a key to the music, and bear testimony to the breadth of Liszt's literary sympathies. These compositions include "Tasso; Lament and Triumph," originally composed for a festival performance of Goethe's "Tasso,"

to which the musician subsequently added an epilogue "The Funeral Triumph of Tasso;" "Hamlet," inspired by Shakespeare's tragedy; "Les Préludes" based on words of Lamartine, and the "Dante" and the "Faust" symphonies.

Probably the most famous contemporary composer of symphonic poems is Richard Strauss, whose contributions to this class of musical literature include his magnificent tone poem, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"). Through the medium of his symphonic poems, and of his glorious operas, such as "Salomé" and "Rosenkavalier" Strauss has proved himself a past master in the art of interpreting poetry by music, and his setting of "Enoch Arden" as a musical recitation, is a work of genius in which he has added dignity and force to the poem which inspired him.

Sir Hubert Parry wrote in his "Art of Music":—"There is nothing more ideally suited to the inward nature of music than the presentation in the closest and most characteristic terms of great reflective and dramatic poems and odes by genuine poets." He added that the chorus is ideally suited for this purpose, and that with increased range of musical expression and design, poems can be presented in perfect conformity with the poet's intentions.

The interpretation of poetry through the medium of music is occupying the attention of composers of all nationalities at the present day, and it is impossible to deal systematically with their varied efforts within the confines of a single article, from which the names of many musicians deserving of mention have been omitted, owing to exigencies of space.

Possibly some of the most interesting examples of modern poetry interpreted by music are to be found in the songs of Debussy. The literary flair of the composer has enabled him to interpret the spirit of the poems he has set to music in a manner peculiar to himself. His choice of subjects includes Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes," Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" and Materlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande." The last-named work, united to Debussy's music, is described as a "lyric drama," and herein Debussy has probably achieved his finest union of poetry and music—described by Milton in "At a Solemn Musick" as

"Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers."

ETHEL ROSENTHAL

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

With this number we complete Vol. 6 of the *Shama'a*. We thank our contributors and subscribers for their help and support. Among our new contributors are, Blaikie Murdock of Edinburgh, who has made a careful and extensive study of Japanese and Chinese art and literature, and, to use his own words in his letter to the Editor, " . . . I have contrived to fight along, and devote my life to eastern studies. I feel that is my mission in life, to help in bringing about, in the West, a better appreciation of the lofty achievements of the East,"—again—" owing as I do, fully half my intellectual life to the Orient, I am always glad to extend the hand of friendship to young Asiatic students, and I count it one of my greatest honours, that I have lived in the Orient, as an Oriental, accepting eastern ways, and speaking an eastern tongue from day to day ; " W. G. Raffe of London, who is not only a scholarly writer on arts and crafts and architecture, but is himself a colour expert and one of the modern masters of wood-cutting ; " Scraps," M.A., a brilliant student of literature of the University of Bombay and Lecturer, Wilson College, Bombay, D. R. Acharya of Santinekotam and Professor Geldner (Germany). We thank also the " Modern Review " and the Theosophical Publishing House, the former for kindly lending us the block " Dwijendranath Tagore," which appeared in our last number, and the latter, for the blocks " Les Forces " and " The Messenger," " Avimāraka " is now complete, after being unavoidably held over the last time.

A NEW VERSE

Dr. Mingana, the Orientalist of John Ryland's Library, is said to have found a verse of Omar Khayyam in an Arab manuscript quoted by an unknown writer first in Persian, and then translated into Arabic. This Arab manuscript has been in the library unrealised for over twenty years. It is called *The Drinker's Choice Draught and the Horseman's Hasty Meal*, being a collection of choice and witty sayings in a poem of about five hundred verses. The work is dedicated to a Persian author who died in 1282. Omar himself died in 1123. The original manuscript of Omar Khayyam was discovered by Professor Cowell of Cambridge in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was one of the most beautiful manuscripts in existence—written in the delicate handwriting of the Persian Scribes profusely powdered with gold and perfumed with a costly essence. Professor Cowell made a copy of the manuscript and induced his friend Edward FitzGerald, whom he had persuaded to study Persian, to translate it. FitzGerald used a manuscript in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta as well as the Bodleian manuscript for his marvellous translation. The new verse now discovered is said to be in the Calcutta one. Dr. Mingara's free pure translation of it reads :

> If the builder had succeeded in the construction of his work,
> why are there so many defects in it ?
> If the work is not good, whose is the blame ?
> And if good, what is the reason for destroying it ?

JAMES H. COUSINS

Dr. James H. Cousin's birthday is July 22. He was born in Ireland in 1873. That his poetical impulse has not abated is shown by the poem which appears elsewhere. We understand that his recent vacation of two months at the Himalayan foot-hills has resulted in a volume of poetry which he will publish after his return to Madras in August. At present (July 15), he is making a stay of five weeks at Santiniketan where at the request of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore he is helping towards the fulfilment of the international ideals of the Visva-Bharati. He is giving two special courses of lectures,

one on The Unity of Asian Culture, and the other on The Understanding and Enjoyment of Poetry. In August, he will return to Adyar, to resume his work as Principal of the Brahmavidya Ashrma. Dr. Cousins has been appointed general Editor of the Text-Books of the Theosophical World University. We understand that he himself will contribute a number of books, amongst them being a volume of English versions of Indian vernacular poetry, ancient and modern, and a history of the modern Revival in Indian Painting.

PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN

We are indebted to the "Calcutta Review" for the following :—

Professor Radhakrishnan, King George V., Professor of Philosophy, Calcutta University, who has been elected as one of the delegates of the University to the Empire Universities Conference, has sailed for England and his visit to the British Isles and to the United States of America bids fair to be a very warm reproduction of the classical *vini vidi vici.* He has been invited by the University of Oxford to deliver the Upton Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion for the year 1926, a position which was held in previous years by eminent thinkers like Dean Inge, Estlin Carpenter, L. P. Jacks of the Hibbert Journal and Miss Evelyn Underhill. The British Institute of Philosophical Studies has asked him to deliver a course of four lectures in place of Dean Inge who it was originally arranged, should speak at the Institute during the months of May and June. The Professor has also agreed to address the Aristotelian Society of Cambridge and the Institute of Philosophical Studies, London. Across the ocean, Professor Radhakrishnan is going out as the representative of the Calcutta University to attend the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy which is to be held at the Harvard University from September 13 to September 17. The University of Chicago has elected him Haskell Lecturer for the year 1926. In his lectures in America he will deal with ancient Hinduism and modern Philosophical tendencies. He will also deliver a course of lectures to the University of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and to the Theological Colleges like the Union Theological Seminary of New York and the Specific School of Religion, California.

Professor Surendranath Das-Gupta of the Presidency College, Calcutta, also represents the Calcutta University at Harvard.

REV. FATHER TABARD

The late Rev. Father Antony M. Tabard passed away on the 2nd of July at the age of 63. He came to India from France somewhere in the eighties. From 1891 to 1924, he was the chaplain of the St. Patrick's Cathedral, Bangalore. He was the founder and promoter of the Mythic Society of Bangalore and was also its first President. He made several scholarly contributions to the journal of that society. His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore conferred upon him the Mysore palace title of honour—Raja-Sabha-Bhooshana. We believe, he was the first foreigner to receive an Indian title from an Indian ruler.

THE MUSICAL TIMES

This year, June 1926, the *Musical Times* has reached its thousandth number. The Magazine was started as far back as June 1844. We are told that its only rivals in longevity are *Le Minestrel* (1835), *Caecilia*, a Dutch Journal founded in 1844, and *Signale fur die Muzikalische Welt* (Leipsic, 1843). A facsimile of the first issue of the *Musical Times*, which is sent as a supplement to the thousandth number, shows its modest beginnings, with only 6 columns of reading matter, apart from advertisements. But now the *Musical Times* has grown into something like an institution in the musical world, giving a monthly resume of the musical activities in the west. We give our congratulations and best wishes to the publishers.

TOLSTOY AND MUSIC

The same Journal publishes an article " Music in Tolstoy's Life " by his son, Count Sergins Tolstoy, from which we take the following :—

* * * * * *

Never in my life have I met anyone who felt music so intensely as my father. He could not help listening to it ; when he heard music that pleased him he became excited and there was a contraction in his throat ; he sobbed and shed tears. The feelings aroused in him were unreasoning emotion and excitement. Sometimes it excited him against his will and even tormented him, and he would say : *Que me veut cette musique ?* (What does that music want of me ?) This effect, independent of a rational relation to it, is vividly depicted in ' The Kreutzer Sonata ' :

In general, music is a dreadful thing [says Pozdnyshev]. What is it ? I don't understand. What is music ? What does it do ?

Such was the direct action of music on my father throughout his life, beginning in boyhood and finishing in his last year, when he said to V. F. Bulgakov that if all European civilization were to perish, he would regret only the music.

* * * * * *

In 1847, he wrote in his Diary, that one of the aims of his life was to ' attain a moderate degree of excellence in music and in painting ' ;

* * * * * *

He then wrote in his Diary a whole dissertation on music, ' The Fundamental Basis of Music and Rules for its Study.' Therein, among other things, occur the following definitions :

Music is a combination of sounds, which strike our auditory capacity in three ways : (1) In regard to space, (2) in regard to time, and (3) in regard to strength. Music is a means of arousing certain feelings and conveying them to others by sound

* * * * * *

Already at that period my father tried to explain to himself why music acts so strongly on its hearers. In an original draft of ' Boyhood and Youth,' he delivers the following opinion, which is almost identical with one he expressed much later, in 1906 :

Music acts neither on reason nor on imagination. When I listen to music I think of nothing and do not imagine anything, but some strange, delightful feeling fills my soul to such an extent that I lose consciousness of my existence. It is a memory-feeling. But a memory of what ? Though the sensation is powerful, the recollection is obscure. It seems as if one were remembering something that never occurred. Is not memory the basis of the feeling aroused in us by any art ? . . . . Does not the feeling aroused by music result from memory of feelings, and of transitions from one feeling to another ? . . . . Plato, in his ' Republic,' laid down as an absolute condition that music should express noble feelings. Every musical phrase expresses some feeling—pride, joy, sorrow, despair, and so on—or it expresses one of the innumerable combinations of those feelings. Combinations that do not express any feeling and are composed in order to show off, to explain, or to earn money—in music as in everything else—are abortions which one cannot take into account (among such abortions are attempts by means of music to express forms and pictures). If one admits that music is the memory of emotions, it is easy to understand why it acts differently on different people. The cleaner and happier a man's past has been, the more he loves his memories, and the more strongly does music act on him ; on the other hand, the more depressing a man's memories are, the less will he sympathise with it.

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DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND ART

The April issue of the *Art and Archæology* is a magnificent number profusely illustrated, containing full account of the history of American Art in Philadelphia. Arthur Edwin Bye, Curator of Painting in the Pennsylvania Museum, writing on hundred years of Art in Philadelphia (1776 to 1876) says:

Upon first thought it may seem that the two dates which serve as chronological termini for this discussion are somewhat arbitrary, chosen because it is our habit in Philadelphia to celebrate Centennials, or because it is a popular belief that well-marked historical divisions are necessary to sound reasoning.

The critical reader may well ask: " What has the date of the Declaration of Independence to do with art? Was there, with the birth of a new political era, a birth of a new epoch in art?" And it may also be asked: " Would such an epoch (if there were such) reach its culmination in the year 1876? Did anything at all of any importance to art in this country happen in either of those years?"

These questions are like the old ones of our history teachers, " When does Mediæval History end, and when does Modern History begin," which may be answered in various ways. Political conditions, and still more, economic conditions, have always had a good deal to do with art. When we became a nation Philadelphia was made the capital, and, as this city was already the metropolis, conditions here became especially favorable to the fostering of art. Here great men congregated; there was wealth and fashion, which meant patronage for the arts. It was to Philadelphia that Gilbert Stuart naturally turned when he first settled in America. He and other painters were inspired to their best efforts in portraying the patriots who had won the fight for Independence.

One hundred years later the Centennial Exposition, in celebration of this independence, was held in Philadelphia. This was an event which indeed had a marked influence upon the subsequent development of art. During the quarter of the century preceding, that is, from 1850 to 1876, as will be explained later, the arts languished, the old tradition died. The Exposition aroused in us a new interest, awakening a new appreciation which by 1900 made us, artistically speaking, a changed nation. In a sense, therefore, the dates 1776 to 1876 do mark an epoch in our art history which is well worth considering, providing, however we admit that art movements have never a definite beginning nor a sudden end.

But whether or not it is true that the Declaration of Independence had any effect upon art, we find, upon the resumption of peaceful and prosperous life, Philadelphia became the centre for the cultivation of the arts. We do not find at this time, nor must we expect to find in the whole period we are discussing, a new nationalism in art, a distinctly American style. In architecture, and in the minor crafts, we do certainly discover independent traits. But architecture is always the pioneer in the arts. It is, so to speak, the dwelling in which, later, sculpture and painting may exist.

MR. E. B. HAVELL ON EUROPEAN ACADEMIC TEACHING OF INDIAN ART

Our readers will remember that in our last number we extracted two letters on " Art Revival" in Bombay. We take the following from the *Indian Art and Letters*, published by the India Society.

HEADINGTON HILL,
OXFORD.
August 29, 1925.

TO THE EDITOR "INDIAN ART AND LETTERS."

SIR,

The prominent place given to Captain Gladstone Solomon's lecture on "Bombay and the Revival of Indian Art" in the first number of INDIAN ART AND LETTERS might give the impression that the Lecturer's views on art education in India have the approval of the executive of the India Society. Though I do not believe that this is the case, I should be glad if you will allow me to enter an emphatic dissent from the Lecturer's premises and conclusions.

In the first place he assumes that the Royal Academy curriculum which is followed in the Bombay schools is a new inspiration to Indian art students, whereas it was followed by all his predecessors in this school and by all the European artists who have had charge of Indian Schools of Art until I discarded it in Calcutta.

As to the results of this European academic teaching, I fail to discover, either in the present or in the past, any proofs that it has led or will lead to a revival of Indian art. I find that the Bombay students now, as before, learn to adopt this academic formula to Indian subjects with their usual facility, but they become, as always, completely de-orientalized as artists and incapable of entering into the spirit of Indian art. I could not discover at the Wembley Exhibition a single work of the Bombay schools which showed an Indian outlook on art.

The Bombay painters are simply applying a European academic prescription to Indian subjects, more or less successfully, but the result cannot be described as a revival of Indian art.

It would take up too much of your space to discuss Captain Gladstone Solomon's arguments seriatim, so I must here content myself with an emphatic dissent from his theories of art teaching in India. It would, I think, be disastrous to art in India if they were generally adopted.

Yours faithfully,
E. B. HAVELL.

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

Mr. D. W. Ditchburn, President of the Bombay Architectural Association, in his address delivered at the opening sessions of the Bombay Architectural Association, advocates the formation of an Indian Institute of Architects and announces that a special sessions of Architects throughout India will be held in Bombay at the end of the year. Mr. Ditchburn's observations on the present architectural conditions in India are not altogether pleasant reading.

"When we come to compare the present day work with achievements of the past it cannot but be admitted that Indian Art has lost a good deal of its vitality during the past two centuries, in fact the last century has for architecture been a very decadent one. This may have been due to the lack of appreciation of architecture or to the endeavours made to graft on to Indian structures the motifs and features of other styles, and while this might be an advantage in the assistance of the development of a modern Indian style suitable to all conditions and requirements, this drafting or copying has not been carried out judiciously in many cases and therefore naturally appear on completion as traversities of the original ideas. We have still, however, in the country numerous examples of fine Indian Art at our

disposal for cultivation and I would strongly advise all architects and students whenever they have the opportunity to make measured drawings of those examples for posterity.

"We have been handed down very few drawings and such as they are, are very crude, of ancient Indian buildings, doubtless due to the fact that architectural draughtsmanship in the past was neglected. It is doubtful in fact whether any plans except of a very crude and meagre nature were prepared before the commencement of building operations, the respective artists engaged on the work combining their efforts by mere sketches, and how this combination has in some of the buildings grown into a harmonious whole and into well proportioned monumental structures surpasses our comprehension and it speaks volumes for the authors who conceived the designs as a whole. The architectural work of the past appears to have been very largely executed under 'mistries' whose achievements in their own branch of the work were recognised, and so were probably allowed a good deal of latitude in the execution of detail assisting in the embellishment of our most noble structures. We do not appear either to have records of the names of any of the old masters who have produced the notable edifices standing to-day, but we may be assured that although the conceptions as a whole must have emanated from one master mind the actual working out of the geometrical details, the exquisite carving, and inlaid work must have been the outcome of the efforts of the various mistries, masters also of their respective arts. Taking a leap through the ages and coming down to modern times for comparative purposes and selecting for example the city of Ahmedabad with its numerous fine examples of ancient Indian Architecture and comparing the buildings there of recent construction and one will find a decadent feeling prevailing lacking in any way of distinctive character or feeling.

"With such exquisite examples of form on every hand it would not be unreasonable to anticipate that something of the ancient style and beauty would have been reflected in the modern productions, but in this the city and its environs are sadly lacking. There is no harmony of purpose and a general restlessness is displayed everywhere.

"There in that growing and prosperous city the inhabitants as in the days of old with few isolated exceptions employ mistries to carry out their building work. The owners convey their ideas to their mistries just as in the early days and the latter after the preparation of a very crude plan commences his building operations, the services of a trained architect not having been deemed to be necessary. The unfortunate result, however, the mistries of to-day not being comparable with those of the past, is not very edifying and does not appeal to the artistically trained mind. I must admit, however, that in the highly cultured circles of this city, an artistic feeling does prevail and art for arts sake appreciated.

"It has been said that if the famous Westminster Abbey in London which has been added to, portions rebuilt, etc., during the mediæval ages were to be burnt down, to-morrow, it could be erected exactly as it exists to-day, owing to the numerous drawings and details which are in existence scattered no doubt all over the country and in the possession of hundreds of architects who have from time to time measured and sketched this old edifice, but I do not think it would be such an easy matter to reconstruct any of our old and charming edifices in India if, for example, destruction overtook them."

ART IN MODERN INDIA

F. S. Growse is known for his wonderful memoir of the Muttra district and his brilliant translation of Tulsi's Rāmāyana. His work is now about half a century old. Even then he appeared to be an anachronism; for an official to be original or brilliant or of varied interest and attainments is more of a disqualification than otherwise and certainly a nuisance to everybody concerned especially to those above him. Officers, however, are not given to writing their confessions

or autobiographies and consequently important material for the study of official psychology as well as for the art and science of administration is lost. Taking up a modest illustrated pamphlet by Growse entitled "Architecture of to-day as exemplified in new buildings in the Bulandshahr district." I came across some observations which have not lost their force even now. Our Public Works Department has never been noted for its aesthetic sense. In fact the Department is probably proud of the total absence of any such feeling. According to it "taste and economy, elegance and convenience are essentially incompatible, and that ugliness is rather a merit than otherwise in any building—such as a school, or a dispensary—which is primarily devoted to practical purposes." The result is that the eye and the taste of the people are being rapidly demoralized by familiarity with the meanness and vulgarity of the obstrusive edifices which they see rising up all round them. This tendency to deterioration is periodically lamented by the very same authorities that so persistently foster it, and large sums of money are fitfully and futilely expended in the promotion of Art Schools, Museums and Exhibitions. Now, all these institutions are admirable in their way; but, here as elsewhere, prevention is better than cure and practice than precept. If our Municipalities and District Boards were relieved from the incubus of "standard plans," and exhorted to encourage native talent by employing it in the design and execution of local improvements, the streets of our towns would soon assume a more pleasing appearance, art would once again walk abroad, instead of being locked up in a cabinet in a museum. But an experience of twenty-five years in India warrants me in saying that almost every native who is of sufficient local rank to have much intercourse with European officials, and still more so if *he has received an English education, has entirely lost all that artistic perception which is a part of his oriental birthright.* It is from the upper and so-called educated classes that the members of our Self-Government Boards are mainly taken, and it is therefore absolutely necessary to the architectural success of the local improvements, which are executed under their direction, that they place themselves unreservedly, as to all the details of design, in the hands of the artisans whom they employ; making no attempt to enforce their own ideas upon them; otherwise the grotesque extravagances they are sure to perpetrate will be still more distressing to the cultured eye than the blank insipidity of the customary departmental standard.

One more observatfon of Growse will suffice—

"I think it much to be regretted that in a country like India the official test of a man's qualifications should be so exclusively clerical. The result is, that real advancement of the country is sacrificed to the clamour of the small so-called educated class, and in every branch of the administration overgrown establishments are maintained for the support of hungry clerks and accountants, who eat up half the revenues of the State, which might be more profitably expended in improving the condition of the people at large. Inaptitude with the pen is no proof of inability to wield the chisel, and as facility with the latter instrument of expression is rarer accomplishment of the two, it seems to be at least equally deserving of official encouragement. It is really the old handicraftsmen of India who have done more to make their country famous than any other class of the community; it is their work which first suggests itself at any mention of 'the gorgeous East'."

The most stupendous failure of official architecture is perhaps to be seen in the new Imperial Capital, Raisina, Delhi. The summer exodus will now never be abandoned so long as the Imperial Government has any voice in the matter. The share of the Public Works Department so far as the construction of public buildings is concerned has been greatly reduced as a result of the Reforms, but it does not necessarily follow that the opportunity which is now vouchsafed to the various local bodies for encouraging the growth of indigenous architecture will be better utilised. The English-educated Indian is unfortunately to tally devoid of any sort of aesthetic sense—even more than the average European, unfamiliar with or indifferent to Indian traditions and culture, and it is therefore not at all

surprising that the worst offender, as regards the disparagement of India's art should be the sophisticated Indian himself. There has been a lot of general interest in Indian art recently. It has however been confined principally to rather uncritical writing and talk about modern painting especially the Bengali variety of it. Architecture and sculpture have been rather neglected; for both these arts require a higher standard of technical equipment at the hands of its devotees than the graphic art which is so abundantly cultivated in Bengal. And yet pictorial art has never attained its greatest triumphs, at any rate in the East, except as the handmaid to architecture. The plastic art seems to have been more or less ignored during the Moghul regime and painting came to be the principal subject of imperial interest and patronage. It must not be forgotten that it is in the sphere of architecture and sculpture that India has contributed mo[illegible] to the art development of the world. Sculpture is practically dead while architecture continues its chequered existence in the hands of the few surviving master-masons and craftsmen. A promising start has been made in recent years by Mhatre and his diciples in Bombay to revive the old art of statuary.

Bengal had had no traditions of painting before the beginning of the 20th century with the result that the art revival there has been a deliberate and conscious process and unfortunately consciousness or rather conscious striving after art is fatal to the spontaneous outburst of creation.

After twenty years of existence and out of an output amounting to many hundreds of paintings, it will be difficult to pick out even a score of pictures which will live down the flight of time. Of experimentation and adaptation there has been no lack, and the work of Abanindranath Tagore himself may be said to be a chronicle of experiments in art conducted in Bengal during the last quarter of a century. Abanindranath Tagore will live more as a teacher and as a finished specimen of Indian culture than as a great artist. He has observed and made use of, as a part of his equipment of old traditions, the fashions of European cubism, post-impressionism and the modes of modern Japan and China and even of archaic Java but somehow or the other the artistic utterance has never been commensurate with its promise and there are but very few works, such as "The Last Journey" which are finished in craftsmanship and full of genuine feeling. The aesthetic expression of modern India has been strangely halting and somewhat forced and has still to catch the note of spontaneity and graciousness of the old fresco-painters of Ajanta, Bagh, Sittannavasala and Sigiriya. In sheer accomplishment there is nothing in modern India, which would stand comparison with the mediæval masterpieces of Moghul or Rajput painting. There is certainly more of variety of consciousness and of effort. The scale of the canvass too has increased; though practically all the work of any importance is still done in water-colour as in the past and in accordance with the old traditions of ignoring the perspective or depth and representing mental summaries of things observed rather than attempting to translate the facts actually seen. The pictures in other words are still coloured drawings done from memory rather than from models. The most notable achievements of the new school have been in the sphere of mythological pictures especially by Nandlal Bose, Asit Haldar, Kshtindra Mazumdar, Suren Car, Nandlal Bose may be said to have been especially successful in this particular field; and his series of religious pictures may be said to be the high water-mark of the graphic art of Bengal. He and Asit Haldar have rendered notable services by copying a great part of the surviving monuments of Ajanta and Bagh and thereby putting before India the finest examples of pictorial art that it has ever produced. Mukul Dey another young artist has executed some pretty etchings; and Bireshwar Sen has done a few dainty drawings reminiscent of the old Moghul school.

In the sphere of portraiture the work accomplished has been on the whole trivial and pure landscape painting has hardly been even seriously attempted except by the versatile Gagnendra Tagore in Bengal and Rup Kishen in the Punjab. But by far the greatest portion of the output of the Bengal school must be treated more in the nature of ephemeral illustration than considered as serious art.

Bengal had a notable school of sculpture in mediæval ages but no trace of that great versatility of design and wealth of form is to be seen in the art of modern Bengal. Bengali artists have certainly the credit of being the pioneers of the art revival in the country and even now they are practically the teachers in all the principal art schools in India except in the Western Presidency. The most promising as well as the latest arrival in the field is the work of the Andhrā Jātiya Kalāshālā in the Presidency of Madras. It would seem that Southern Indian artists are still capable of recalling the rhythm and the grace of movement, the abandon and the reserve of their noble mediæval sculpture. Virility may be said to be characteristic of this latest phase of art development in the country.

The pictures of the Bombay school are neither here nor there. It is astonishing that the artists who were first to work for over ten years with the late Mr. Grifiths and copy the great masterpieces of Ajanta should have been totally unmoved by them in poetry and imagination and should have learnt practically nothing from the amazing sincerity and expressiveness of their drawing. At present there is no single place in India where one can study the great masterpieces of Indian art in their proper historical perspective. Art is still mixed up with archæology, or locked up in indifferent collections of old paintings reinforced with representatives of the modern schools. Indiscriminate praise is no substitute for discerning criticism ; and the latter is especially needed in this country where every small achievement is likely to be hailed as a great triumph. Modern artists must not be judged too severely as they have not had the intensive training that was imparted to every scion of the families of the old artists. Too much must not therefore be expected from our young painters, who have often started with high enthusiasm but not always with adequate equipment on the road to India's artistic revival. A true renaissance capable of continuing the glorious record of Indian art is not possible without rigorous training in the craft of painting coupled with a thorough understanding of the old masterpieces and a genuine insight in the life and thought of modern India. Painting must not be divorced from the parent art of architecture. There has been a growth of great public interest in matters artistic. The Government too have not been behind hand in taking up the cause of Indian art. What is however sadly needed is more knowledge and greater grasp of the realities, and adequate insight into the difficulties of providing provincial centres in the shape of art galleries and museums necessary for the systematic study of art. Why should a man of Dr. Coomarswamy's equipment have to work as a Curator of the Indian Collections of the Boston Museum when he could be made available in his own country for organising the study of art at a trifling cost !

N. C. M.

HARTMANN'S WHO'S WHO

The following poem by B. F. Austin appears in the publisher's anouncement of Who's who in Occult, Psychic and Spiritual realms, compiled by William C. Hartmann and comprising various subjects such as Alchemy, Anthropology, Applied Psychology, Archæology, Astrology, Bahai Movement, Buddhism, Christian Mysticism, Occultism, Pychoanoloysis, Sufi Movement, Vedanta Philosophy, Vegetarianism and other cognate subjects, to be issued annually in October under the auspicies of the Occult Brotherhood, Jamaica, U. S. A.

"IF"

If I can throw a single ray of light
Across the darkened pathway of another ;
If I can aid some soul to clearer sight
Of life and duty, and thus bless my brother ;
If I can wipe from any human cheek a tear,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

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If I can guide some erring one to truth,
Inspire within his heart a sense of duty;
If I can plant within the soul of rosy youth
A sense of right, a love of truth and beauty;
If I can teach one man that God and Heaven are near,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If from my mind I banish doubt and fear,
And keep my life attuned to love and kindness;
If I can scatter light and hope and cheer,
And help remove the curse of mental blindness;
If I can make more joy, more hope, less pain,
I shall not then have lived and loved in vain.

If by life's roadside I can plant a tree,
Beneath whose shade some wearied head may rest;
Though I may never share its shade, or see
Its beauty, I shall yet be truly blest—
Though no one knows my name, nor drops a flow'r upon my bier,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

REVIEWS

Two Great Theosophist Painters, by James H. Cousins.

Oriental Blossoms, by Gwendoline Goodwin.

Two Great Theosophist Painters, by James H. Cousins.

Dr. Cousins begins this little book by recalling the words of Dr. Besant—" Religion has ever been the foster-mother of Art, . . . Art is unthinkable without religion . . . . If it has decayed, it is because religion has passed so much out of the ordinary life, and with the lack of its inspiration, Art has become imitative instead of creative." According to the author Jean Delville and Nicholas Reorich were inspired by Theosophy and in their paintings " we find the expression of the Theosopical attitude." Some pages are devoted to the explaining of this " theosophical attitude "—and what it means. A succint account of the life of the two artists and a history of their various productions are faithfully given. The suggestive descriptive notes which Dr. Cousins gives in his account of the paintings are the most valuable portions in the book. In 1910, Jean Delville began his work on the set of wall paintings in the Criminal Court of the Palais de Justice in Brussels. Dr. Cousins was greatly moved by these panels and has explained how they express the artist's vision of modern justice—so different from the traditional blind justice with the eye-bandage and the sword. Our author regards the Belgian painter as " one of the world's master-artists and most exalted geniuses."

Of " Les Forces," reproduced elsewhere, Dr. Cousins says : " It is an immense canvas, twenty-six feet by eighteen ; the expression of a great artist-seer's vision of the Powers of Light and Darkness who carry on the aeonion struggle on the field of the cosmos—in the world of nature as the Forces of Life and Death, and in the soul of humanity as the Dark Powers of material enslavement and the White Powers of spiritual freedom. Both forces are depicted as heavy in tegument, low in intelligence, fierce yet fearing, and wielding the carnal instruments of sword and flame, the White Forces move with their own winged energy. Outwardly these are full of activity ; but their faces share the calm compassionate assurance of their Christ-Leader who directs their operations with the uplifted hand of both command and benediction. They are without weapons save the invisible power of the spirit exercised through their outstretched arms. Michael their executive chieftain, leads them with the torch of spiritual illumination. The crisis of the conflict is past. The Dark Forces break like a baffled and frenzied wave against a counter-wave bewildering in its calm invincibility. There are no casualities on the side of the White Forces, but the debris beneath the Dark Forces indicates an already disintegrated wave. The process of victory for the White Forces is seen in this and in their movement across the central line of the canvas. The picture is an immortal masterpiece carried out in tempera in the realistic method of the classics, but given a significance modern in expression and universal in application."

Nicholas Reorich, the Russian artist according to Dr. Cousins " takes his place, not only by virtue of supreme achievement in his own artistic method, but also by virtue of high seriousness and purpose in the integration of Art and Life, in the hierarchy of great tradition, with his message of the sufficiency of Art and its twin sister, knowledge, for the rescuing of humanity from the ugly morass into which it has wandered because of its desertion of the narrow path of Beauty and Truth." " Only on the basis of true Beauty and of true Knowledge " he says in his recent book *Adamant* "can a sincere understanding between the Nations" be achieved. Nay, more, he declares, " without any exaggeration I emphasise that not one Government can endure henceforth unless it take into consideration the veneration of Beauty expressed in all branches of Art and Higher Knowledge."

When Reorich was only twenty-three the acadamy exhibitions contained four pictures by him " one being entitled " The Messenger," which drew the special attention of the most influential critics because of the fresh genius which it disclosed, and was given the highest compliments then available—a place in the gallery of the greatest collector of the time, Tretiakov. . . This picture has a special interest for Theosophists, as it was the first expression of the young artist's feeling of some inspiring message which was coming to the world. . . . . He painted a new " Messenger," and brought it personally to Adyar in January 1925, to present as the nucleus of a Blavatsky Museum of Art. . . The great canvas is at Adyar, but its proper housing and the development of the museum as an international gallery depends on funds which are not yet forthcoming."

Many and varied were Reorich's activities as Secretary and later Director of the Society for encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia. He also produced stage scenery and settings for famous operas and dramas, as well as a series of landscapes. He travelled widely and at Darjeeling painted a series of sixty-eight Himalayan pictures.

We have no doubt that this book will be a very useful introduction to the study of the two great artists, especially in their relation to Theosophy.

*A Review of some Poems of the Orient,** by Adi. K. Sett.

This is a very beautifully got-up volume of poems which are saturated throughout with the beauties of the Orient and are truly coloured with many glowing passion tints. Mrs. Goodwin writes her little poems in a masterly style. She frequently appears in the modern Indian periodicals but perhaps she is better known to the reader under her *nom de plume* of Saki. Her poems are saturated with the true spirit of the coloured East and they give her readers the impression that she understands not a little about the Orient and her philosophy. As Mr. John Pollen says in his foreword: They tell the old, old story which Eastern poets know so well, that love is intense, natural affection, permeated by the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Mrs. Goodwin has written several verses on Hafiz and tells us of the " Philosophy of Laughter not of Tears." She paints her poems in the real Indian colours and makes one think of a clever pricture in bright oils done by a brilliant student of an Indian Art School. Her Night in a Garden is a characteristic poem. Here you have,

A thousand sleeping flowers give forth perfume,
A fragrance undefiled of living bloom,
Against a peacock sky yon cypress trees
Show blackly. Song wafts on the breeze.
Surely the bird of love the rose can please
On such a night as this.

Let us have music in tune with our mood,
Soft sweet melodies, not the savage crude,
War chants of fighting tribes. Let flute like song
And lilting cadence float along
The Seas of Peace and Love that know no wrong
On such a night like this.

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* Oriental Blossoms by Gwendoline Goodwin, with a Foreword by John Pollen, Heath Cranton, Ltd., 6, Fleet Lane, E. C. 4 (2*s.* 6*d.*).

Mrs. Goodwin seems to live in an enviable land of her own like all the other poets, as she says in her first poem called Introduction,

I live in a land of dreams
A world apart
Peopled with glorious images of the passt. . . .
And gazing o'er the ocean
Think of those frail barques on the Sea of Life
That we call Men.

The Three Loves of Ibrahim is another perfectly charming poem telling us of the fickleness of women,

I gave my soul into fair Fatma's hands.
She was so lovely, she bewitched all men
With almond eyes, and black snake locks.
But when I found often
Duplicity her game,
I broke the spell
And rang a parting knell.

I think that a small poem entitled Jewels is the best one in the volume. It is a perfect conflagration of colours and a jangle of rhythmic words. It is like a pastel painting of vivid crayons with a conspicuous Indian background.

Bodies of amber and anklets of jade ;
Bracelets and nose-rings with jewels inlaid.

Lips like blood-rubies and small teeth like pearls ;
Shimmering, silver-decked, pale dancing girls.

Eyes like black diamonds from Hindustan's mines ;
Smouldering torches to lighten Love's shrines.

Eyelids of amethyst, ear-rings of gold ;
Shadows of turquoise, their beauties unfold.

Emeralds gleaming in tinselled tissue ;
Like glist'ning snakes from darkness they issue.

Fire-flies opalescence anon they assume
In a sapphire cloud of incense perfume.

Heels of deep coral, and henna-tipped hands
Awaiting a lover from distant lands.

Dancing through Life, never questioning why,
Till wrenched from their setting, they droop and die.

This fine poem is a worthy specimen of what modern verse can be. Mrs. Goodwin's Japanese prints is another verse so full of pretty hues.

Next three lantern-laden coolies, straw-hatted sturdy men
Or a flowery little geisha bending o'er her samisen.
And a Kakemono painted with a spray of red nanten. . . . .
Here a prattling child at play
Overturns a bowl of gold fish. . . . .

These verses are very tender, full of emotion and of the understanding of the sorrows and joys. In fact they seem as if they were written by a sensitive Oriental. They are certainly soaked with the essence of things Oriental and a faint perfume of the east steals over the verses. Here and there you come across soft lines with just a tinge of soft vague colours,

> The scent of the jasmine floats on the breeze,
> Laughter echoes from leafy bowers. . . .

and

> A bulbul sings on a pomegranate spray.
> Time will overtake us all too soon. . . .

It is with truth that Mrs. Goodwin says,

> I am blissfully, wilfully drowning
> In a River of Human Love.

"Oriental Blossoms" have all the chracteristics and qualities that make a book of poems popular in these days when a lot of bad prose is read and only very little of good poetry is appreciated.

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Some Appreciations

Sri Aurobindo Ghose in *Arya*—"Here perhaps are the beginnings of a supreme utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue . . . The genius, power, newness of this poetry is evident . . We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human which must be at first the most vivifying and liberating part of India's message to a humanity that is now touched everywhere by a growing will for the spiritualising of the earth-existence."

Rabindranath Tagore—"I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in lavish measure."

Æ—"People can learn to write quite excellent prose in a language not their own, but poetry is built on refinements in expression which are rarely learned by any except those who have heard the language spoken around their cradles. I am astonished that in spite of this you have attained such a power of expression. Your verse has beautiful things in it."

Alice Meynell—"It is exceedingly interesting to me to see such a meeting of Eastern and Western imagination as I think your poetry brings about."

Laurence Binyon—"Your verse will find its way because it is truly poetical—'The Fountain' is a beautiful poem and in 'Freedom,' 'The flowers wild foot in the cold grey clod' is lovely. These are things that proclaim you a poet—I think your command of English is wonderful."

Yone Noguchi writes:—"Dear Poet,—I thank you for your welcome gift—those two books of your new poems are so delightful. Your youthfulness in poetry inspires me, and makes me live in a new world of fire and wisdom."

Padraic Colum—Every poem in the book (Perfume of Earth) has given me great delight. "The Marriage of the Rat" has vigorous imagination in it, and besides imagination it has a delightful humour. And the poem about "the Peacock" pleased me so much that I now know it by heart. All the poems in the book are delightful and it is amazing to me that you, coming out of another tradition, have been able to get such spontaneous verse-forms in English.

Harold Childe—("The Magic Tree.") "You do not need now to be told that your use of English is really remarkable and that you make of it a live language to which you can add something of your own which perhaps no Englishman born could contribute. The profound concepts of physical and spiritual life which the poems suggest or state so musically, simply and with such beautiful imagery . . . . . . I cannot help saying that to me personally they appeal with very great sympathetic force. "Dust and Star" especially is full of wisdom not easily come by outside poetry. (On Perfume of Earth)—"The poems gave me great pleasure—both the sweet pure music of them and the great thoughts which you express with such admirable simplicity and profound implication. Work like yours is specially refreshing and cheering at a time when very much English poetry is confined to a rather harsh and defiant materialism. I keep opening the book anew and always light on something beautiful and deep."

James H. Cousins—This young Indian poet . . . shows the way at the beginning of this century out of the deep valleys of gloom and uncertainty into the sunlight and elevation of inner realisation of divinity.

S. Fowler Wright, Editor, "*Poetry*" (England) in his review of *Pundalik*, a Verse-Play, says:—"It is the work of a poet whose reputation is already established among those who can recognise good work before the time of popular acclamation."

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